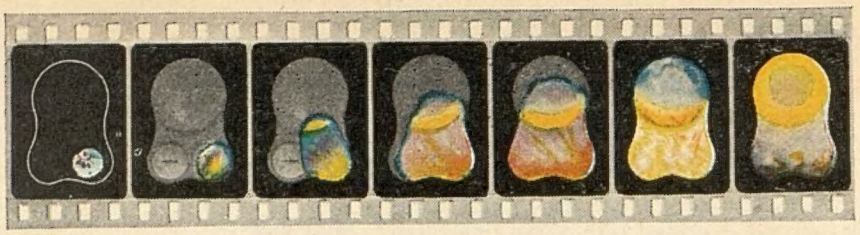
BEGINNING About the MURDER of the CIRCUS QUEEN
By ANTHONY ABBOT

SEPT. 24, 1932

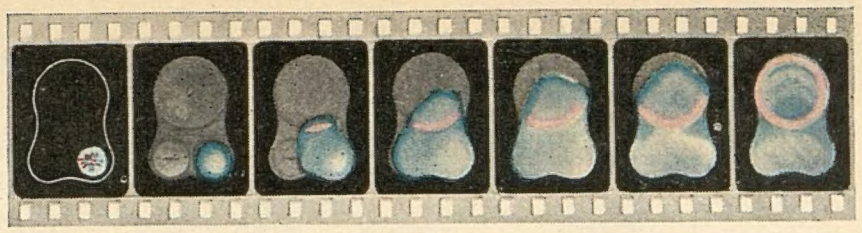
Liberty

5¢

America's Best Read Weekly



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly, incompletely.* Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. In the next four pictures, the flame spreads across the cylinder. Notice the progressive formation of "carbon yellow." In the sixth picture —BANG! All remaining gasoline exploded. That is knock. The last picture shows only afterglow, waste.



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You can now SEE the difference Ethyl Gasoline makes. Look at the pictures above. At the left, the uneven combustion of regular gasoline. At the right, the smooth combustion of Ethyl Gasoline. Compare these two strips of pictures. The next to the last picture of each strip is enlarged for your convenience below. Compare! Here are gasoline facts, straight from the *inside* of an engine.

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RIGHT—Ethyl Gasoline delivers greater power smoothly—with less waste heat and less strain on the engine. Notice the *complete* combustion. No knocking. No "carbon yellow."

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

SEPTEMBER 24, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 39

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

FEEDING THE HUNGRY—THE CRIMINAL WASTE CONTINUES

The writer has been criticized for recommending that the unemployed be asked to subsist wholly upon that most perfect of all foods—whole wheat.

"You are asking us to subsist upon whole wheat alone. We will wager you never tried that experiment yourself," say a number of the critics.

Well, the writer has lived on whole-wheat products for an extended period and was satisfactorily nourished in every way, and he has known a number of people who have had a similar experience. In a recent experiment a number of people lived on whole-wheat products and water for a month and all of them were stronger and healthier at the end of this test than they were at the beginning.

Nearly everybody eats far beyond his needs, and the idea that you have to have a variety of foods at one meal is due to tendency to guide the selection of foods by taste, which in many cases is made abnormal by condiments and unwholesome combinations.

A great many so-called dietetic experts become lost in a maze of intricate theories. The food upon which wild animals subsist is usually in the nature of a mono-diet—that is, they eat only one food at a time—and no one can question their vital status.

At the Penny Restaurants for the unemployed that are being conducted in New York at the present time whole cracked wheat is being served for a penny a bowl, including a small spoonful of brown sugar. The average person could easily subsist upon three bowls of this nourishing food a day if such drastic economy were required. Where the unemployed are being fed without including such cheap vital foods it is wastefulness of a criminal character.

When people are on the border of starvation and money is used upon devitalized fancy food instead of staple, dependable elements for nourishment, such reckless waste should not be condoned. When money that has been donated to help the unemployed is used, every cent should be profitably invested, and that means the exclusive use of cheap foods that are rich in vital elements.

It has been definitely proved by innumerable experiments that whole wheat will nourish the body completely. If one's diet is to be controlled by a perverted taste one may be able to afford it with a full pocketbook, but it will usually mean lowered vitality. And it is a notable fact that the most vital people of the world subsist on the coarsest kind of cheap food.

As stated in a previous editorial, a bushel of wheat will supply a small family with all the necessary nourishment for a month where such drastic economy is necessary. This grain can be served as cracked wheat and if required can be ground in an ordinary coffee mill. If flavoring in the form of sweet fruit, honey, or brown sugar is added the food is more palatable and will be more readily consumed, although it is doubtful if this additional variety will increase the nourishing possibilities of the diet.

Many people are starving with food easily obtainable. And the idea that a large variety is essential to health is erroneous. Then, too, the taste of food depends entirely upon how much it is needed. If you are hungry the plainest sort of food has a delicious flavor; if you are minus an appetite your food has to be sweetened or flavored with a savory of some sort.

It is predicted that the coming winter will bring misery and suffering to millions of people, but if the simple facts herein presented with reference to the value of these plain vital foods were generally known there would be no reasonable excuse for suffering due to the need of proper nourishment.

When you are desirous of helping the poor, see that your money is used intelligently. Remember, a bushel of wheat will feed a small family for a month, and that the whole grains of barley, corn, rye are almost of equal value. That is the kind of food that gives you one hundred cents of value for every dollar spent. And in the dire emergencies that many people are now facing, this is important.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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"I've served beans for years.. but I never knew that before."*

* UNLESS THE LABEL SAYS "BAKED" THEY AREN'T BAKED BEANS

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED MOST BEANS AREN'T

4 KINDS OF HEINZ BEANS ALL BAKED

1, BOSTON STYLE WITH PORK 2, WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND PORK 3, IN TOMATO SAUCE WITHOUT MEAT 4, RED KIDNEY BEANS WITH PORK

PERHAPS you, too, didn't realize that most so-called "baked beans" aren't baked at all. Perhaps you doubt this.

If so, just glance at the labels on the different brands of beans. Unless the label says "Baked," those beans *aren't* baked. They're cooked in sealed cans by steam heat. Heinz Beans are baked—oven-baked. They're different from steam-cooked beans—just as a baked potato is different from a boiled potato.

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Beginning —

About the Murder of the CIRCUS QUEEN

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

By ANTHONY ABBOT

A Story of Thrills and Mystery

(Reading time: 29 minutes 15 seconds.)

FOREWORD

THE CLASSIC NEW YORK MURDER

IF I were asked to name the most baffling of all the crimes investigated by Mr. Thatcher Colt while he was Police Commissioner of New York City, I would unhesitatingly choose the singular murder that occurred several years ago on the opening night of the circus. Not only was it Colt's most baffling case: it was the most glamorous and sinister. Here an old detective maxim was given a double vindication. The saying goes in police station houses: "To understand a crime, you must understand its background." But in this studiously calculated murder there were two backgrounds to understand: two worlds unfamiliar to ordinary citizens and their police; strange realms, unknown and almost unknowable. Because of this, no other crime in Colt's experience presented such obstinate problems as the classic crime in Madison Square Garden.

There were two Madison Square Gardens, the old and the new, and in each a murder was committed. But something more than a mere quarter of a century separated the crimes. To the student, vast differences in quality made the first killing inconsequential and the second of absorbing interest. The shooting of Stanford White, on the roof of the old building at Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, was a brash and clumsy business, not worth a second glance from the connoisseur.

But the murder in the new Madison Square Garden, west of Eighth Avenue *(Continued on page eight)*

"LA TOUR lost her temper. She grabbed a whip made of rhinoceros hide and let the two Ubangi women have it."

INTRODUCING to LIBERTY readers Thatcher Colt, the noted master criminologist, who comes face to face with one of the most absorbing mysteries of his celebrated career. A famous female aerial artist is slain in the presence of thousands of people. Nobody in that vast assemblage saw the killer commit the crime. Follow this intensely dramatic story and see if you can outguess Thatcher Colt and establish the identity of the guilty person.

A VOICE called out sharply, and Colonel Robinson led us inside.

(Continued from page six) between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, was a different sort of exploit, a truly deft killing, and the work of a transcendently dangerous criminal. Apparently with no handicap of emotion, with a brain almost mechanical in its deadly perfection, this creature set sedulously about planning an incomparably clever trap. Every move of the bloodthirsty charade was covered with the innocent candor of the casual and the accidental. All was planned so abundantly that nothing seemed planned. In retrospect, it seems astonishing that the method was ever discovered or the criminal identified. That the mysterious affair cleared up so quickly was due solely to the patience, industry, and perseverance of Commissioner Thatcher Colt. His incidental presence on the scene upset a devilish undertaking.

But, even as a specialist in the evil that men do, Colt was unprepared for the unique, the heartlessly cruel motive which finally he uncovered. In this scientific age the old-fashioned murderer has long since given way to criminals with a modern and recondite technique. But no murderer that Colt had ever heard of before surpassed this monster in realistic self-interest or the skill and courage to carry out the project.

I have tried to present the facts without ornament. There were men who worked with us on the case who were afraid to go to bed at night—hardened police officers who can still shudder when they recall those hours in which the black magic of dark ages and peoples seemed at war with the authorities.

For one long night, as you shall see, we supped our fill of horrors.—ANTHONY ABBOT.

PART ONE—STRANGE OMENS

IT was Friday the thirteenth. Against the windows in the private office of the Police Commissioner an April rain pattered restlessly. The spring downpour filled with premature dusk the dark-paneled room in Suite 200, at the north end of the second floor of the old Headquarters Building in Center Street. On Thatcher Colt's desk a green-shaded lamp spilled a circle of white light. Bent forward in a hunched posture of concentration was the Commissioner, shuffling proof sheets of his annual report to the Mayor.

It was about three thirty o'clock when a knock sounded at the door, and Captain—now Inspector—Israel Henry, the officer in charge of the Commissioner's suite, handed me a card, embossed in gilded script, which read:

COLONEL TOD ROBINSON
Owner and Manager
Robinson Brothers and Dawson and Woodruff's Combined Greatest Shows on Earth

When I laid the flamboyant card before Thatcher Colt, his somber dark eyes sparkled with pleasure. "Tod Robinson!" he exclaimed. "His show opens at the Garden tonight! Send him right in."

With a gusty chuckle the Commissioner shoved aside his proof sheets. I knew, of course, that Colt loved the circus. Except for the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, his favorite fraternity is the Circus Fans. Whenever possible he attends the New York chapter's monthly luncheon, served at the Hotel Roosevelt in a private dining room fitted up like a tent, with posters, mementos, and curios of sawdust celebrities, grass mats on the floor, and table linen of red-and-white check reminiscent of the cook-tent.

The Commissioner was smiling jovially as through the door from the octagonal reception room came the famous showman. Tall, bronzed and silver-haired, Colonel Tod Robinson looked the tanbark veteran, accustomed to floods and fires, mud and mires, panics, blow-downs, the deaths of costly animals, and all manner of other catastrophes commonly called "acts of God." The Colonel was the type of circus owner who could do everything "on the show" from training the elephants to repairing the portable electric lighting plant.

Grinning expansively, Robinson shook hands with Colt, sat on the edge of the desk, bit a chunk from a cake of tobacco, and announced:

"Chief, I'm in hot water. And I've come to you to help me out."

Colt was pouring a palmful of special mixture into the bowl of his Algerian brier.

"Glad to help you, Colonel, if I can."

"Would you listen to a quick story?"

"The floor is all yours."

Colonel Robinson began by explaining how he had obtained his engagement at Madison Square Garden. That year the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey troupe toured Europe. In the big show's absence, Colonel Robinson, last of the large independents, saw his golden opportunity. He purchased and trained new

animals, built gorgeous gilded wagons, bought new uniforms and costumes, and engaged expensive acts.

"But then, Mr. Colt," the circus man continued, "a lot of funny things began to happen to me."

"Funny things?"

"I mean that some mighty queer monkey business is going on in my little horse opery," Robinson amended. "It is more than any jinx, Mr. Colt—in my opinion, it's become a matter for the police. I'll admit that at first I took it just as a run of tough luck. Before we even started, we had three accidents down South—three men killed—and it kept up.

"No sooner did we pull out from our winter headquarters in Georgia than other things began to happen. Near Richmond we had a train wreck; knocked two display floats into toothpicks and set fire to a gondola loaded with bleachers and grand-stand seats. Next, sickness broke out along the elephant line; a peculiar malady attacked all but three of the bulls. And then, on the five-hour trip from Washington to New York, our prize lion, Spitfire, died of indigestion. As if that wasn't enough, at the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal, the trained clown mule, a valuable attraction, too, broke its leg while being led out of its stall, and had to be shot. And let me tell you, all these accidents mean heavy losses to us."

Colt looked only mildly impressed.

"You surely don't attribute those misfortunes to any malicious agency, do you?" he challenged.

Colonel Tod Robinson ran a gnarled hand through tousled silver locks and a gleam of torment flickered in his eyes.

"I haven't told you everything," he evaded. "Wait till you hear what's happened since. My star performers have been receiving threatening letters through the mail."

"Threatening what?"

"They were served notice not to exhibit their best tricks during the New York engagement—under penalty of death!"

The frown cleared from the fine features of Thatcher Colt. Settling back in his chair, he murmured: "And I suppose you are advising the newspapers that, in spite of these thrilling death threats, your star performers are positively going to appear, rain or shine."

"Oh, don't be sarcastic about it, chief. This is no press agent's frame-up—"

"What are the names of the performers who were threatened?" Colt interrupted.

ROBINSON quickly recited a list which I jotted down:

"Flandrin, the young trapeze artist, and his wife, La Tour—"

"Is that the great Josie La Tour?"

"You bet! Speaking impartially, she's the greatest performer in the ring—and she's paid the biggest salary in the history of the business."

"Who else?"

"Signor Sebastian, called the King of the Air—and speaking impartially, Sebastian is all of that, too—and Murillo, one of the wire dancers. I think that's all."

The big showman straightened up, hesitated, and added with a trace of diffidence: "There's another nasty side to it, too. You see, tonight is Friday the thirteenth—so none of my people want to open. I don't either, but I've got to. My financial backer—probably you know him, Marburg Lovell, the multimillionaire?—well, he's sore about our delayed opening. Our overhead runs about fifteen thousand dollars a day, we've had big losses, and he is getting very discouraged, threatening to sell out his interest for a song. So I've got to open tonight, no matter what date it is. Of course," he added, a note of defensive pride creeping into his voice, "our show would be a big money-maker—we always do good business—if it wasn't for those damn' funny accidents."

The showman snorted into a silk handkerchief and then grinned good-naturedly. "Our business is always full of hell," he conceded. "Much worse than any of this, most of the time. Just the same, chief—three sudden deaths! I still say it doesn't all seem natural—not with those threatening letters. I don't know why I stay in it, anyhow. I had some money left me not long ago—I could retire if I felt like it. I don't know why I don't, either. Here I have kicked all the mobsters and short-changers out of my outfit. It's a strictly family attraction now. And what does my honesty get me? Only more grief! The old-timers will tell you that grifters keep the bad luck away. Speaking impartially, maybe there's something in this old-time bunk, after all."

COLT stood up, smiling politely.

"I'll tell one of our men to look into the matter."

"But, chief, I was hoping that you would sort of go into it yourself—"

Before Colt could decline Robinson's earnest appeal, the door opened and Captain Henry's face looked in at us.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Commissioner," he apologized, "but

they've had an accident up at the Garden—Colonel Robinson is wanted on the telephone."

There was a moment of apprehensive silence.

"Connect the call in here," directed Thatcher Colt, as the circus man grabbed the receiver and listened. We heard a strident voice breaking bad news in broken, explosive sentences. It was with a heavy hand that Colonel Robinson slung up the receiver; all good nature was gone from his face.

"My boss mechanic went up on some high wire rigging, toppled off a platform—and was killed."

And after a moment's pause he added mournfully:

"I guess I ought to be getting right up there."

Colt was emptying the ashes from his pipe; his eyes were narrowed and serious.

"I will take personal charge of the investigation, as you have requested," he decided. "Meet me in the lobby of the Garden at seven tonight. Take us back to meet the people who got those threatening notes."

"Much obliged, chief!" murmured Colonel Robinson, and, shaking hands limply, departed like a man in a daze.

"Robinson's case is by no means unique," remarked Colt, when we were left alone.

"You take those death notes seriously, then!" I exclaimed. "In spite of what he said, I thought they were only the publicity man's ballyhoo."

Risen from the desk, Thatcher Colt was reaching for top hat, gloves, and stick. "I take those death notes very seriously," he admitted. "Generally, in such cases, we eventually find that one of the persons who received the notes actually wrote them all."

"But if one intends to kill, why write warnings?"

"The vanity of the criminal. Such uncontrollable impulses have been the undoing of more than one clever killer—who could not resist the temptation to show off. That is why I have hopes of being able to find the writer of those notes tonight."

"By comparing handwriting?"

"Not at all. I have come to believe that victims of murderous delusions almost invariably betray themselves to the acute observer of human behavior. Hence I wish to observe all the people who got threatening notes—and out of the lot try to pick the guilty one, and prove it."

"All before the show opens? You will find you have a real job on your hands," I predicted.

"And a challenge to any detective's skill," added Colt, his worried face partly clearing. "If this theoretical, undiscovered killer actually exists and is not caught in time, he will certainly commit another crime. . . . Did you have a previous engagement for tonight?"

"Only with Betty!"

"Bring your wife along, by all means. It's been ages since I saw her. Let's try to combine pleasure with business."

IT was now four o'clock, and in fifteen minutes the Commissioner was due to attend special exercises at City Hall, where the Mayor was to bestow medals of honor in recognition of the heroism of twenty policemen, nine of whom had been killed in the performance of their duty; their widows and mothers would receive the decorations.

"Ask District Attorney Dougherty to join us in our box," suggested the Commissioner, lifting a gardenia from the Persian tear bottle on his desk. Carefully he fixed the white bloom in his lapel.

"Get Inspector Flynn," he instructed. "Tell him to check up on all those accidents Colonel Robinson told us about. Tell him to see what the railroad authorities have learned about that wreck near Washington—and the accident to the clown mule. Tell him also to get whatever we have in the files about Mr. Marburg Lovell, who has been so hard hit financially by all these accidents. Of course, Flynn will need two or three good men to check on the death of this mechanic in the Garden. And if he can get any information on any of the circus people, so much the better. Incidentally, prepare Betty to go home unescorted. And be sure you have your revolver handy." The door closed behind the Police Commissioner.

II

A FEW minutes before seven o'clock that April evening Betty and I reached the noisy lobby of Madison Square Garden. The doors were just opening. Lines of men and women plodded toward the several ticket offices, and the night resounded with the cries of barkers, candy butchers, and pop-corn men. To protect the public, Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt had assigned a special squad of policemen to the grand foyer, the six other public and the five private entrances. But these uniformed men were little more than traffic supervisors for the bright-faced crowds shuffling across the terrazzo floors. The real police work would fall to a detail of plain-clothes men selected from eighteen hundred operatives. As the crowds swept through the turnstiles these swift-glancing hawks of the law would eye face after face, memories racing through the rogues' gallery.

In the midst of the early swarm of spectators I soon discovered the portly figure of District Attorney Merle K. Dougherty. Holding by each hand a small and almost toothless boy, the relentless prosecutor of our criminal courts stood enrapt before a circus poster. The District Attorney was a huge and fleshy man with curly red hair and prognathous jaw, a vital and magnetic firebrand. At my tap on his shoulder he turned with unwieldy agility, the joy of circus time a-glisten in his eyes. "Helloa, you two honeymooners!" he boomed. "Betty, you are getting prettier every day. Meet my nephews, aged nine and ten—Al and Jimmy."

We shook hands with Al and Jimmy, who like their uncle were fat and bulging, blue-eyed and red-faced. The three Doughertys were laden with rubber monkeys, boxes of molasses candy, and ice-cream cones. I felt that even while he greeted us the District Attorney was scouting a furtive eye for pink lemonade.

"Has Thatcher Colt heard any rumors about this outfit?" promptly inquired Dougherty. "Hogan, my county detective, told me they had a very suspicious accident this afternoon—"

But Dougherty fell silent as we were joined by Colonel Tod Robinson. On his own grounds the circus owner seemed a more impressive person than our afternoon caller at Headquarters. Wearing faultless evening raiment, but still chewing tobacco, Colonel Robinson carried himself like the ruler of a private domain. But he looked deeply worried. I introduced him and asked, with a casual air, if all went well behind the scenes.

"Our show starts at eight o'clock, no matter what happens," was the enigmatic reply as Robinson chewed off the corner of his cake of tobacco. "Meanwhile our troubles multiply. I just left a beautiful argument on my way out here—a ruckus with these infernal Ubangis—I hope it doesn't spoil our show tonight."

"The Ubangis?" echoed Betty, puzzled.

"The big-lipped ladies," I reminded my wife.

"Not those horrible-looking African savages with huge wooden rings grown in their mouths?"

"Exactly—the dark platter-lipped lassies!" grinned Colonel Robinson affably. "This is their second season with us. They've picked up a little English and can talk to American Negroes, and so now they're beginning to get ideas. But—speaking impartially—tonight they went too far. Of course you've heard of Josie La Tour—she gets the biggest salary in the history of the business—well, when she showed up tonight, La Tour found two Ubangi women in her dressing room. They wouldn't tell how they got in nor what they wanted."

"Thieving?" suggested Dougherty.

"I suppose so. Anyway, La Tour lost her temper. She's always doing that—just a human tiger cat, anyhow. She grabbed a *khoubash*—a whip made of rhinoceros hide—and let the two Ubangi women have it."

A frown deepened above Colonel Robinson's troubled eyes.

"You can't whip people in the United States of America," he remarked plaintively. "Not even African savages. And the Ubangis have found that out. They are all sore at La Tour, and right now they are having a council meeting in their dressing room. I don't know what is going to happen!"

The Colonel hesitated a moment and then added:

"I'll admit these Ubangis give me the creeps sometimes. They know more about vegetable poisons than all the college professors put together. In the bush, you know, they are considered great magicians. They can kill their enemies at a distance—by the right spells."

As Colonel Robinson made this incredible statement we were suddenly joined by Thatcher Colt. Out of the crowd the Commissioner instantaneously appeared, precisely at seven o'clock, top-hatted and wearing the inevitable gardenia.

After an exchange of greetings, Colt drew aside Colonel Robinson and confided:

"I have a partial report on the death of your boss mechanic. At quarter past three this afternoon he was standing on a perfectly rigid platform used during the show by an acrobat called Flandrin, and there is no evidence at all to show how he fell—unless he had an attack of vertigo. The autopsy is not yet complete."

"He never had vertigo before," asserted Colonel Robinson flatly.

"Well, if someone caused his death deliberately, how could it have been done?" demanded Thatcher Colt. "True, a number of acts were rehearsing at the time, but we have checked on everyone in the arena at the time—no one was near him—"

"Just another peculiar accident!" muttered Colonel Robinson, with a disbelieving roll of his eyes. "But this circus is jinxed, and let me tell you it's getting on my people's nerves. Murillo, the wire dancer—you remember, he had one of those threatening letters—Murillo has quit cold. Jumped his contract—walked out on me an hour ago. And there may be others doing the same thing before we start the show."

"Didn't you tell me that the acrobat Flandrin also received one of those notes?"

"Yes—Flandrin's got one."

"And it was from Flandrin's platform the mechanic fell!"

"Why, yes!"

"Was Flandrin in the Garden at the time?"

"No; he has just landed from a steamer—returning from abroad."

"But Murillo has disappeared?"

"Well, I know where he is. Murillo merely quit. On the other hand—"

BUT Thatcher Colt, interrupting, reminded Robinson that we were to be taken on a tour behind the scenes. Without more delay we followed the Colonel through the gates and then down a flight of concrete steps to the exhibition hall that is under the arena of Madison Square Garden. Here were the animal cages of Robinson's portable menagerie and the gaudy banner line of the side show. Crowds of groundlings were already gaping at the wild beasts and human freaks.

Betty turned to me with a wise smile full of wifely acumen. "If Mr. Dougherty doesn't mind," she proposed, "I shall take charge of his nephews—show them everything to be seen down here—and then take them to our box. You men can join us there."

Down the aisles of the menagerie she led the two miniature Doughertys. In a few words, for Dougherty's benefit, Colt condensed the story that had brought us together.

"But of course they are all nothing but coincidences," Dougherty promptly declaimed.

Colt paused in lighting a cigarette.

"You can't dismiss those coincidences with a wave of the hand," he objected. "Four men in this show have died. There is sound reason for the Colonel to believe someone is trying to ruin him. It may well be sheer accident, but, on the other hand, we may be dealing with the most dangerous kind of enemy—a madman with a fixed idea for revenge, yet cunning enough to deceive anybody into believing he is perfectly sane. Perhaps we had better be starting."

"This way—past the cages of the Carnivora," invited Colonel Robinson, taking off his hat in his best arena manner. It was quite evident the silver-haired showman was proud of his wild animals. Even with the strain of the opening and all the mysterious tribulations that had bedeviled him, Robinson deliberately lingered to point out to us the exceptionally fine condition of the beasts, especially those spotted Satans called leopards.

"Some day," cried Colonel Robinson, "I am going to have the greatest circus in the world—the one show that nobody will ever top. That is the only ambition I have in the world. And if I don't lose my backer, I will bust the whole trust before I get through."

ON the subject of the show Colonel Robinson was positively lyric.

The big circus cats, he explained garrulously, unless "born on the show," were captured in the jungle regions with traps and pits covered with jungle foliage and baited with young goats. But a new method of capturing some wild beasts alive had been devised, using asphyxiating bullets. When the creatures wake up they are prisoners but unharmed.

As if no mysterious shadow of evil brooded over his affairs, the Colonel rambled on about the lore of rhinos, the diet of the sea elephant, and how the lion in his native haunts is a ventriloquist, roaring with his shaggy head to the ground, so that his prey cannot tell from which direction comes the sound.

In his enthusiasm Colonel Robinson seemed quite to forget our curious errand. Colt had to urge on our journey. The Commissioner hearkened politely to all of Robinson's chatter, but his eyes wasted no time on the caged animals. Instead his glances quested from face to face among the trainers and attendants, as if memorizing the features of every circus employee we passed.

"Why don't we get right back stage?" grumbled Dougherty, falling into step with me.

"I heard the Commissioner say he wanted to look around here first," I explained.

"What for?"

I shook my head; I did not know. We had stopped in front of the Congress of Freaks and Wonders. At a chin-level with the platform we stood in front of the Ubangis, the principal attraction of the side show. Nine of the savages stood on the platform—five women and four men. It was my first sight of those fantastic people, lured to New York from an isolated triangle of land in French Equatorial Africa. The great wooden rings in the women's mouths were intended to make their faces hideous, thus discouraging women-stealers from other, stronger tribes. Duck-billed and disk-lipped the Ubangi women were called, and deservedly.

"These people are of the Mazzi tribe, from along the Shari River, south of Lake Chad," lectured Robinson with a great show of knowledge.

"What language do they speak?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"Their own tribal dialect, of course—and a kind of pidgin French."

"Do none of them speak English?"

"Only Keblia—their witch doctor."

"Can he write English?"

"Beautifully. Keblia was educated in England."

"And where is Keblia now?"

"I don't know. He should be on the platform, but he seems to have disappeared."

"And why do they squint so venomously?" asked Dougherty, pretending to shiver.

"Oh, their eyesight is notoriously bad," explained Colonel Robinson. "Where they live it's so frying hot all the time their eyes soon get ruined. Fact. Most adult Ubangis are blind in one eye."

I was relieved when we moved away, turning our backs on these duck-billed *negresses à plateaux*. As he led us through the ever-increasing throng, Colonel Robinson continued to boast of his organization; of the advance in methods that had turned a racket into big business.

I had fallen a little behind. For some inexplicable reason, I had begun to feel nervous and jumpy. Although we were surrounded by jabbering crowds moving in every direction, I had the uneasy impression that someone or something was following close upon our heels.

It seemed a silly suspicion, and yet I could not resist turning and glancing over my shoulder. Then I stopped in my tracks. Not ten feet behind, a face was staring after us with a concentrated expression. It was a dark face, savage and full of scars, and with wild eyes rolling in deep sockets.

"Dougherty," I called, seizing the elbow of the District Attorney. "Look at what is following us!"

But when the District Attorney looked around I felt very foolish, for the scarred face of the black man had disappeared!

Perhaps then and there I should have reported to Thatcher Colt the threatening face that had seemed to be following us. But there was no immediate opportunity. The Commissioner was eager now to meet and size up those performers who had been threatened, and Colonel Robinson kept glancing at his watch, remarking that our time was very short, as he led us to a gate guarding the region of the performers' dressing rooms—a barrier that soon we were to realize was a door from one kind of world into another.

Through the gate our route lay mid a confused assembly of portable dressing rooms and booths and mazes of costumed performers. Stretching beyond all this was a lane of make-up tables at which sat scores of men painting their faces in bright colors and comic designs.

"Clown Alley," explained Colonel Robinson, slowing up.

The phrase comes back to me now, a reproach to my own ingenital stupidity. Yet how was I to guess that here and now, in Clown Alley, Colt was to discover the decisive clue in a classic mystery?

"Clown Alley is where I started my own career," confessed Colonel Robinson, biting off another morsel of tobacco plug. "I was a clown acrobat and I could still earn my living that way if I had to. I used to make up at the same table with Fred Stone, and after that I was in the Wirth Circus when we had Will Rogers with us."

The manager was standing at the foot of a broad concrete stairway. In a moment he was to lead us upstairs to the regions where the star acts, the high-salaried performers, had their dressing rooms. But here he made a delay while he tied the lacing of his left shoe.

"DID you happen to notice that every one of those clowns had a different make-up?" he asked Colt. "Once a joey, as a clown calls himself, fixes up his face according to his own original design, then that design belongs to him and to nobody else. It's a sort of unwritten law. No other joey would think of copying it."

Years afterward I was to look back and remember Colonel Robinson as he stood at the foot of the concrete steps, pausing in a serious investigation to tie the lace of his left shoe. And Thatcher Colt was to remember the moment long before I.

It was seven fifteen o'clock when we followed Colonel Robinson to the upper floor. To the eyes of an outsider this part of the "back yard" was a place of incredible chaos. The manager, smiling mysteriously, led us to a small dressing room and knocked. While we waited, he explained that Flandrin, whom we were now to meet, had reached New York only half an hour before—barely in time to make the opening performance. He had been performing in Berlin during the winter and the ship on which he had returned was delayed by spring fogs.

"In fact," explained the Colonel, knocking again, "he got here so late that he has not had time to say hello to his wife."

"She was not abroad with him, then?" asked Colt.

"No. La Tour was on the West Coast all winter, in vaudeville"—and Colonel Robinson knocked a third time and much more loudly. This time there was a response.

A voice called out sharply, and Colonel Robinson opened the door and led us inside. Bending over a mirror, a man in green tights was plying a green greasepaint pencil across his throat in great strokes stretching from ear to ear. At last we had come face to face with one of Colonel Robinson's threatened stars.

The face turned toward the door was grotesquely distorted by the clown make-up—enormous red lips, onion-shaped nose, and green cheeks and chin. Such a countenance was in shocking contrast to the graceful, athletic body and the strikingly beautiful silk costume. While this performer made his entrance as a clown, he gradually discarded fur coat and baggy trousers, disclosing his tights, and finally managing also to wipe away his make-up while swinging on the high trapeze.

"Pardon, Flandrin!" called Colonel Robinson. "I would like to present you to Mr. Thatcher Colt, the Police Commissioner."

ANTHONY ABBOT

is the pseudonym of one of America's outstanding writers of serious novels and plays. In the field of detective fiction he is the author of About the Murder of Geraldine Foster, About the Murder of the Night Club Lady, and other books. This is his first serial to appear in Liberty. He is married, and makes his home in New York.

THERE was something alert, feline, in the startled grace that animated Flandrin. With the ease and awareness of one of the big cats in the cages below, the star of the swinging trapeze turned and bowed.

"Flandrin," explained Colonel Robinson, trying rather ineptly to put all at ease, "is one of the highbrows of the circus. He was a postgraduate student chemist in Munich long before he ever thought of going into the show business. His wife thinks he knew as much about chemistry as any man in Germany. Acrobatics was only his hobby. He would have been working in a laboratory yet if he hadn't fallen in love."

With his painted and enormously exaggerated lips Flandrin smiled vaguely, and then looked over Robinson's head. Meanwhile Colt seemed to be paying no attention. His eyes drifted from one part of the dressing room to another. I saw him lift from the table a pencil with thick soft blue lead, examine it, and put it back.

"Flandrin," went on the Colonel, "is married to one of the greatest women in the world. Yes, I mean Josie La Tour."

"Sorry to intrude on the night of the big opening," said Thatcher Colt, "but Colonel Robinson says you received a mysterious and threatening letter—"

Flandrin wheeled halfway round. From a suitcase he produced a folded piece of paper which he handed to Colt. The Commissioner read the note aloud:

"Be very careful what you do. Above all, do not try the double twist in New York. This is a friendly warning. The double twist will positively cause your death if you attempt it. You will die at the opening performance—and not in the way you expect."

There was no signature. Without a word, Thatcher Colt passed the note to the District Attorney. The paper was of the white wrapping-paper variety. The letters of the message had been blocked in soft blue pencil. All eyes were on the note in Dougherty's hand; I was the only spectator of what happened next. Colt was standing behind Flandrin. Now the Commissioner spoke softly: "Are you going to do the double twist tonight?"

Flandrin did not answer at once. But in the silence I saw Colt's hand go back to the table, noiselessly lift the pencil of soft blue lead he had found there, and put it in his pocket.

"Well, Flandrin," prodded the Commissioner, "why don't you answer?"

In next week's installment you'll learn whether or not Flandrin defies the death threat by trying the double twist. And you'll witness a sudden, terrible crisis.

WHY I AM *a Better Republican Than* President Hoover

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By SENATOR

GEORGE W. NORRIS

of NEBRASKA

Who Says If Lincoln Were Alive Today He Would Support Franklin D. Roosevelt Against the Champion of Big Business

(Reading time: 17 minutes 25 seconds.)

I SUPPORT Roosevelt in 1932. I supported Smith in 1928. If that be treason, make the most of it. I am a Republican legally because my constituents, whose word is final, have elected me on the Republican ticket. But, aside from such technicalities, I am a better Republican than Herbert Hoover or Calvin Coolidge, if fidelity to fundamental principles and basic ideals counts for more than stanch adherence to the shibboleth of regularity. If adherence to a party platform under all circumstances constitutes the criterion of loyalty in a public servant, let us abolish the eagle and institute the parrot as our national emblem. We have been governed too long by parrots in politics and by yes-men in business.

The vast extent of our territory and the conditions of modern life may make it necessary to mechanize American civilization. But it is not necessary to mechanize our conscience. Let us be men, not robots. Independent thought and independent action are the breath of progress in politics as well as in business. It is unfortunate that independence in politics is handicapped by the obsolete mechanism of our government.

The Electoral College may have been a necessary device when the Constitution was framed; it is a drawback today. The Electoral College clips the wings of political independence.

When our revolutionary fathers created the Constitution they were engaged in a governmental experiment. Having taken away the king's power, they gave it to the people. But they hesitated as to how far they could go. Therefore they cautiously provided an Electoral College for the election of the Chief Magistrate.

It was originally understood that the Presidential electors should exercise their own discretion. But step by step political machines gained control and perfected methods which robbed the

common man of any participation in this, the most important step of our government.

There is no practical way, under present conditions, for anyone to be an independent candidate for the Presidency. To organize a new party after the national conventions have completed their task and to do it before election is difficult as well as expensive. As a result, the voter is confined in his choice to the nominees of the two dominant political parties. This is often merely a choice between two evils.

The voter is curtailed in his right of suffrage just as fully and as completely as if his curtailment were part and parcel of the Constitution. After the adjournment of the national conventions the election is practically confined to two men. The political machinery of a great national party is so powerful that it controls the national convention. Nothing short of a political revolution within the party can prevent this tyranny.

The delegates are often mere pawns moved by secret wires. The identity of the wire pullers rarely appears on the surface. They are groups of sordid men and selfish combinations of wealth who make investments in national conventions and receive their reward in national legislation.

When they control both national conventions, as they invariably attempt, their work is complete. They contribute to both sides to keep alive the spirit of partisanship.

MILLIONS of voters are kept active in a sham battle while the real perpetrators of the fraud laugh behind the scenes. The beneficiaries of this conspiracy oil both party machines and nurture the party spirit in the rank and file to such an extent that the voter actually imagines that he has a voice in the destiny of his country. He is induced to furnish the enthusiasm and to do the shouting for his own undoing.

Even in case of a revolution within the party itself, those who control the national committee can dictate the temporary roll of a convention and defy the rank and file of the party. We have all seen national conventions of both of the great political parties completely dominated by the bosses, without consideration for the voters who constitute the party.

This should not be possible in a free country. It would not be possible if it were not for the existence of the Electoral College. The Electoral College makes it practically impossible for anyone to run independently for the Presidency.

It does not necessarily follow that the abolition of the Electoral College would induce independents to run. But the very fact that an avenue existed by which the people could overthrow the national conventions would make these conventions more cautious, just as the policeman on the corner, by his very presence, saves a merchant in his vicinity from robbery.

The Electoral College hampers the complete freedom of the electorate, that freedom for which our forefathers fought and which Lincoln struggled in his day to attain. The Republican Convention in 1932 was dominated by big business. The Democratic Convention escaped by a miracle. But we cannot count upon a miracle in every convention. We can only free ourselves from the government of the bosses, bosses manipulated by the special interests, if we abolish the Electoral College and bestow upon the individual voter the freedom of the ballot.

The control of our government by special interests destroys Lincoln's dictum of government "of the people, by the people, for the people." If Lincoln were in politics today he would probably be denounced as a Bolshevist for uttering these memorable words, which express with sublime simplicity the basic principle of Republican government—the principle for which Governor Roosevelt stands.

If Lincoln were alive today he would support Governor Roosevelt.

Big business and Mr. Hoover would agree with Lincoln in the first of his three propositions. But they would disagree with him on the others. They would say with Lincoln: "the government of the people." But at that point they would vary the text. Big business wants a government of the people by big business, for big business. And because I cannot subscribe to this doctrine I cannot support Herbert Hoover.

I SUPPORT Franklin D. Roosevelt on a wet platform, in spite of the fact that my personal predilections are dry. I am seventy-one years of age. But I am not too old to learn, nor to admit an error. I cannot conceal from myself the sad fact that the noble experiment has ceased to be either noble or an experiment. We need no further trial to convince us that prohibition has failed.

Other things being equal, I might have supported Herbert Hoover on a dry platform. I might have supported him on a wet platform. But I could not support him on the dubious plank which, with the aid of Federal office-holders and the delegates from the rotten boroughs of Republicanism, he forced upon a hamstrung convention.

Mr. Hoover is the Janus of politics. One face beams upon the drys, another smiles equivocally upon the wets. He has learned the art of carrying water on both shoulders. At present he carries upon one shoulder a pitcher of water, while upon the other he balances a jug painted to resemble a pitcher of beer. I do not like Mr. Hoover's attitude on the subject of beer. I relish even less his attitude on water and water power. Mr. Hoover would be perfectly willing to dispense beer to the people if he could turn over the water in the land to the special interests. Mr. Hoover is always two-faced, always equivocal, except when he champions big business. With a singleness of purpose worthy of a better cause he plays the devoted henchman of high finance. One eye in each of his faces, no matter what his lips may say, always winks understandingly at the power trust and at Wall Street.

I take my stand with the Republicanism of Lincoln against the Republicanism of Hoover. What does it profit us if we strike the chains of slavery from the black man and then allow powerful monopolies to forge the same chains upon our own necks?

Lincoln emancipated the black slaves. Hoover refuses to take a single step to free the white-collar slave, the wage slave, and the agricultural slave.

It is possible that there was a time when civilization could not exist without slaves. But that time is dead. The inventive spirit of man has given us a force strong enough to make all mankind prosperous and free. By enslaving electricity we can emancipate labor from economic slavery. But if this necessity of human life, which should redeem us from drudgery, is owned and controlled by monopoly, slavery continues. Mr. Hoover and his adherents have done everything in their power to withhold the benefits of our national resources from the people.

Roosevelt has fought the power trust at every step. He

has fought the power trust and has aided the farm. Hoover has done nothing to lighten the farmers' load. I parted company with Herbert Hoover four years ago because of his failure to recognize that the increasing demoralization of agriculture was a menace threatening not merely the farmer in his humble hut but the banker sitting astride the world in the topless towers of the financial districts. Mr. Hoover could see nothing except our artificial prosperity, inflated like a balloon by higher power salesmen ranging from Presidents of the United States to Wall Street touts. Pricked by the distress of the farmer, the bubble burst.

Neglected by Mr. Hoover and his predecessors, the consuming power of the farmer languished until it died. Today our farmers are strangled by their debts. It is doubtful whether many can survive, even if we should be as kind to them as we have been to our European debtors and grant them a well deserved moratorium. I do not affirm that the farmer himself may not have been guilty of errors of judgment. But in the main, the terrible condition in which agriculture finds itself comes from no fault of the farmer.

Foreseeing the impending disaster, I sponsored several bills to save this fundamental industry while I was chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture. That was shortly after the war. Our bills were all defeated, mainly because of the influence of big business and politicians, commencing with the President and running clear through to the bottom.

President Harding, President Coolidge, and President Hoover all opposed these remedial measures. We told them that we could not remain permanently prosperous so long as agriculture, the one industry upon which, in the end, all prosperity is based, was bankrupt. At first we were laughed at. For a year or two our opponents said: "There is no such thing as a farm problem." We told them that unless the farmer was rescued the ruin of agriculture would bring down the entire temple of industry from the top to the bottom. I regret that this prophecy has been fulfilled.

As the avalanche of distress swept over the farms, until misery had spread from coast to coast, the politicians at last conceded that the problem existed. Then came Mr. Hoover. He opposed every remedy for the relief of agriculture as a member of the Cabinet. But after he was stung by the Presidential bee, he promised in his campaign speeches to put the farmer on an equality with the manufacturer.

Although his promises were as vague and indefinite as his mentality, the people accepted his word. Millions of our people were persuaded that Herbert Hoover had some way of saving the situation. I did not share this fond belief. But I warned in vain. The country, including the farmers, followed the Hoover band wagon. Alas, the "two chickens in every pot" and the banishment of idleness and unhappiness from our country, which he promised in his oratory, were fairy tales, now known as such, even to children.

ONE achievement I credit to Mr. Hoover. The act under which the present Farm Board was appointed sprang Minerva-like from his own head. Hoover's Farm Board raised the price of wheat temporarily. That was not difficult—with five hundred million dollars of public money. But that was only half the job. The Farm Board failed disastrously in its attempt to sell the surplus which it has purchased. It is not fair to say that the board accomplished great results until they complete the transaction. The fact of their holding an enormous surplus overhangs the market and delays recovery.

From the first, mystery enveloped the proceedings of Mr. Hoover's Farm Board. But even a cursory investigation revealed that it approved the paying of excessive salaries. The head of one organization which the Farm Board used as an instrumentality received seventy-five thousand dollars a year. Other employees of corporations set up by the Farm Board received fifty, forty, and thirty thousand a year, and so down. Such extravagance cannot be defended.

Before this session of Congress convened, President Hoover cried aloud that a moratorium (for Europe, not for the farmer) would save us all. He persuaded Senators and members of Congress to pledge themselves to his support. Republicans and Democrats alike tumbled over each other to pass the Hoover moratorium. But the moratorium saved neither us nor Europe. The hosannas that greeted Mr. Hoover ring false today.

Then Herbert Hoover came out with his Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Once more the cry went out: "This will bring relief and bring it at once." Once more the people were mesmerized by the false prophet in the White House. Once more they were led to believe that some mysterious power rested in Mr. Hoover and that he could get us over the fence by pulling on our boot straps. A docile Congress obliged. But failure and disaster still followed the Hoover administration.

Impressed once more by the ballyhoo of the Hoover publicity men, Congress passed the Glass-Steagall bill. And again the promised relief failed to come.

All these things took a great deal of money.

Two hundred and fifty million dollars which would have come from our debtors across the sea Mr. Hoover waved airily aside for the sake of his precious moratorium. These governments had the money to pay this interest. One of them had actually paid. But Mr. Hoover, with a generous gesture, returned the money. Money that would have relieved the American taxpayer aided the international bankers to pay personal international obligations.

THE law creating the Reconstruction Finance Corporation saddled five hundred million dollars on the taxpayers' back. In addition to that amount, it provided for the issuance of one and one half billion in bonds guaranteed by the government.

Steadily our load increased.

But the vision of relief faded farther and farther into the distance.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation may do a great deal of good. But it is expensive. It commences at the top instead of at the bottom. The theory of Mr. Hoover and those who backed these propositions was that the way to bring prosperity was to loan the money, wrung from our people by taxation, to big financial institutions, and that by making some people prosperous a few of the crumbs of prosperity would trickle down to the common man. The railroads and the banks got the money. But it has not trickled down. The big financial institutions, aided by Mr. Hoover, were largely the same institutions which were instrumental in overthrowing the chariot of prosperity.

When it came to pay for these governmental extravagances, Mr. Hoover opposed an increased tax on large incomes. He also objected to an inheritance tax taking away, at the death of the present owners, large slices of the wealth accumulated by virtue of unfair competition and special privilege. The radicals have been accused of wishing to soak the rich. There is little or no choice between this and the Hoover slogan of "Soak the poor." I believe in "soaking" no one, but if I must make a choice, I would not exempt the rich at the expense of the poor.

One of the fundamental causes of this great depression

is the gradual accumulation of wealth in the hands of a small group. The same cause has ruined other nations as mighty as ours. The enormous income of a few millionaires as compared with the income of those who toil, whether in the shop or behind the plow, is startlingly revealed by the statistics of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. In 1929 five hundred and four millionaires had an income equal in value to the entire wheat and cotton crop of the United States in 1930. There are between two and three million cotton and wheat farmers in the United States. The net income of five hundred and four people was equal to the gross income of more than two million people.

The dividends of the super-rich have temporarily dwindled. But the control of our national wealth remains in the hands of the few.

America, to her misfortune, disregarded the humble foundation upon which the superstructure of prosperity rests. Now that the foundation is crumbling, all of our people begin to fear the terrible distress which logically follows when men who attempt to build a civilization neglect the foundation stones.

Our great economists and financiers, and their mouthpiece, Herbert Hoover, refused to concede the facts. Many were carried away by Mr. Hoover's promises. Herbert Hoover was sold to the country as a "superman." The country now realizes that not only the feet but Colossus itself was made of human clay like the rest of us. I tried to tell the people of the country this during the last Presidential campaign. But they refused to listen. Perhaps they will listen now.

MR. ROOSEVELT, too, is human. Mr. Roosevelt, too, will make errors. But he has the heart and the vision that Hoover lacks. He understands the plight of the farmer and the interrelation between agriculture and industry. The farmer buys in a protected market and sells in a world market, which we cannot control. Whenever we progressives attempted to remedy the wrongs of the farmer, we always met with the determined opposition of the combined wealth and the combined political machines of the country. And in every fight against us President Hoover has been the leader. I expect a more intelligent attitude from Mr. Roosevelt.

How, then, can any patriotic man support Mr. Hoover merely because he is a Republican? Partisanship should never induce a public official to support or oppose any proposed legislation or any proposed nominee. He should be as free to follow the course his conscience dictates as if there were no parties.

Every official act should be performed with the sole and only object of doing right.

The same doctrine applies to the voter when he goes into his booth. His conscientious convictions, not party affiliation, should be his guide.

The people of this country are tired of "good party men" who expose the sins of the opposition while covering up the sin, debauchery, and crime in their own political fold. That's the most injurious thing in American life.

I am the kind of Republican who believes in exposing wrong and evil wherever they fester. I prefer to wash my own dirty linen. If we desire the respect of the people, that is what we must do. Unless we proceed from this principle, we forfeit the confidence and respect of honest men and women.

I HAVE often spoken out when I might have been silent. The worst sin that can be committed by a public official is to remain dumb when it is his conscientious duty to speak. If that makes me a bad Republican, then I glory in being a bad Republican. I am a bad Republican solely because I believe that President Hoover's attitude toward every vital problem that faces the Republic is wrong and that on most of these questions Mr. Roosevelt is right. Wall Street and the power trust will disagree with me.

If the representatives of the people were to be parrots or dummies, there would be no necessity of voting for individual candidates. All that would be necessary would be to print on the ballot: "Republican Ticket" or "Democratic Ticket." That would not take more than the width of a finger.

The voters' choice would be limited to one party or the other. The successful party would swear in its nominees. That is not my conception of government.

I detest the spirit of partisanship which places party above country and barters the forgotten rights of the common man for public office. I have been criticized and ostracized for preaching this doctrine. But I still believe in it. A political party is nothing but an instrumentality for government. There is nothing sacred about it. While under present conditions political parties may be necessary, they are only necessary for the purpose of bringing good government to the people.

When the rank and file of our people realize that, a new day will dawn for America. The eagle, emerging once more, will scatter the parrots of party regularity.

THE END

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The Weaker Vessel, by Lamira A. Williams Jarrell, judged best of the 30,000 manuscripts submitted in Liberty's $5,000 First Story Offer, will appear in next week's issue.

"They must have added more pieces to that orchestra"

BUT not a single piece had been added!

The new PHILCO, the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument, had brought new notes—both high ones and low ones—into the home.

The orchestra the family had listened to so often and liked so well had been transformed. Through the magic of PHILCO'S reproduction, it now seemed a larger, infinitely superior musical organization.

No note is broadcast that PHILCO will not reproduce truly—as softly as you may desire or with tremendous volume. No sound on the air is too subtle for PHILCO—the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

See PHILCO. Note the beauty of its cabinetwork, the hand-rubbed finish that makes it truly an outstanding example of the furniture craftsman's art. Hear PHILCO. Then you will appreciate the richness of its tone. Buy PHILCO. The most economical means of entertainment and enjoyment available. Enjoy PHILCO. Every waking hour!

A nearby PHILCO dealer will be ready and happy to demonstrate this musical instrument of quality and versatility—truly all instruments in one!

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$36.50 to $295.
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PHILCO MODEL 15X, shown above, $150 Tax Paid — PATENTED — Contains every worthwhile radio improvement — many exclusively PHILCO. Musicians, especially, appreciate the following scientific points of superiority: — 1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone.

Philco-Transitone Radio (superheterodyne) for motor cars and boats, average price complete, installed and tax paid on cars equipped with aerial, $69.50. ALL ELECTRIC (no dry batteries) $79.50.

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF *ANY* SET

The Story of a One-Alarm Romance and a High-Pressure Salesman

FIREMEN *Are a MENACE*

By ALBERT M. TREYNOR

(Reading time: 29 minutes 52 seconds.)

THE fire whistle of the Edentown Enterprise Volunteer Hose Company sounded worse in the middle of the night than a lot of banshees whooping it up. It was the most horrible siren that money could buy.

People for miles woke up in night-sweating consternation. The frightful wailing blasts even woke up Fire Chief Joe Burleigh in his cozy twin bed.

Smoky Joe always kept his fire-fighting pants in the line of exit, held ready for fast company by spreaders and riggings of string. Theoretically he would take 'em in his stride as he lammed it for Main Avenue.

But not this evening. Mrs. Fire Chief Eva Burleigh was sick and tired of a pair of musty fireman's pants propped up in the middle of her bedroom doorway. So she had snitched 'em on Joe after he was asleep.

Then, also, Typhoon, the big Persian cat, was snoozing on the very spot where Volunteer Joe alighted en route for the fire.

Smoky Joe was in his naked feet. So he knew promptly that this must be the pet cat, just as Typhoon caterwauled and laid open Joe's shin. The chief took time out for a kick in the dark. By then the cat wasn't there but the door jamb was.

When Mrs. Burleigh got up in her nainsook nighty to turn on the light, there on the floor sat a stoutish, sparsely haired, weather-beaten commander in chief of a hose outfit, playing at something like "this little pig went to market" on his five pink toes. Only that wasn't what he was saying.

Mrs. Burleigh, in physique and manner, looked to be more of a typical smoke eater than Smoky Joe himself. Even with her chaste nightgown on. For underneath that flowing white garment there was the brawn to wrestle with high-pressure nozzles and to swing up and down fire escapes with rescued people on the back.

But, unfortunately, Mrs. Burleigh never assisted any at fires. She didn't even approve of them.

To see the magnificent build of Mrs. Burleigh, nobody could have believed that she had any part or share in her daughter Virginia, who at this moment came into her parents' room.

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

Mrs. Burleigh and the cat went end-over-ending across the yard. Smoky Joe had got rid of the visiting chief. "Your mama," he told Miss Gigi, "ought to wear more at fires."

A blue-pyjamaed, slim-torsoed, fair-necked little thing, Miss Gigi—tousled and dewy-eyed, with a lock of black hair swinging askew upon a fresh young nose. She perched herself sociably on an empty twin bed.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Can't you sleep, daddy? Listen, daddy. That hook-and-ladder-truck salesman who's in town— What's his name? It's Sanderson. Isn't it Sam Sanderson?"

Smoky Joe had limped to his feet, counting the wow-wows of the fire whistle as the windows rattled and shook. "*Six!* Shut up! *Seven!* You'll get me confused. *Eight—seven—* Dammit! How many, Gigi?"

"Oh, eight or ten." The girl was gazing dreamily out the window where the moonlight silvered the avenue of giant maples along the Burleigh driveway. "Sam Sanderson," she mused. "I met him today, and he wants to come see me. He's a good-looking, red-headed son of a gun."

SMOKY JOE sprang toward the open doorway. And discovered that his contraption for jumping into pants was gone. Not only that, there weren't any pants.

"Hey!" he gasped. "My pants!"

"Virginia!" said Mrs. Burleigh sternly. "You bring no firemen into this house. We got one."

"Where the hell's my pants?" yelled Chief Burleigh.

"Mother," asked Miss Gigi, "where the hell's his pants?"

"Tell 'im to look on a closet hanger," snapped Mrs. Burleigh.

"Look on a hanger," helped out Gigi. "Sam's no fireman," she expostulated. "He only sells trucks."

"It's all the same," declared the mother, as a rummage shower of women's and men's wear came flying out of the closet door. "Anybody who has anything to do with apparatus—look at what it does to 'em."

Smoky Joe emerged from the closet with his pants—a pair of canvas longies, so stiff with the dried muck of old played-out conflagrations that they could have stood at attention without Joe's being anywhere about.

As he hoisted himself into them the bellowing siren paused for breath, and then started in all over again.

Joe counted raptly. "*One!*" he enumerated, snapping into his gallowses. "*Two!*" He chose himself his red woolen shirt. "*Three!*" He rammed his head through the neck.

"This Mr. Johnson, the moving-van man, is a fire laddie too," reminisced Mrs. Burleigh between the ravening wolf howls of the alarm. "And last week he and three helpers were lugging Mrs. Waldman's grand piano up to her third-floor apartment—"

"How am I goin' to keep track if you don t shut up?" hollered Joe. "*Four!*—"

"They were just toting the piano up the last flight," said Mrs. Burleigh, "when that whistle cut loose. And this Mr. Johnson let go of everything—"

"*Four*— Will you be quiet, you?" raged Joe. "Gigi—is it five or four?"

"When Mr. Johnson got back from what turned out to be a false alarm, his three helpers and piano-moving job were in installments out there on the front sidewalk—"

"Are you going to buy that hook and ladder from Mr. Sanderson, daddy?"

THERE on the floor sat a stoutish chief of a hose outfit, playing at something like "this little pig went to market" on five pink toes.

Joe Burleigh was running about insanely. Helmet. He jammed it on his head. Rubber coat.

"If you ask me," said Mrs. Burleigh. "Firemen are a menace—"

"Where the hell's my boots?" roared Smoky Joe.

"Mother dear," said Miss Gigi, "where the hell's daddy's boots?"

"Tell 'im to look under the bed."

The ear-splitters of the siren had ceased. But the silence, by contrast, seemed just as nerve-racking. Out from under the bed crawled the chief, dragging the famous hip boots that had walked many a time through cinders and steam for old Smoky Joe.

"Listen!" said Mrs. Burleigh. "When you get through this fire, you come straight home."

Joe had plunked himself down on the floor and was

tugging at his boot straps. "The boys'll put her out before I get there," he moaned.

"Phone 'em to keep her going, daddy," stuck in Miss Gigi, "for you're on your way!"

"No poker games," pronounced Eva Burleigh. "No sitting up all night telling 'em how you played on this fire. No carousing at the fire house. You hear me?"

"I'm going nuts!" panted the chief.

"I'm just telling you," warned the missis, low-voiced and brutal. "If you're not home when I think you ought to be, I'll be sending for you. And you won't like the way I do it—"

But Joe wasn't lingering for the rest of his instructions. He was on his feet again, the top man of No. 1 Company.

In less than two seconds, it seemed to the women upstairs, their husband and father was out in the back driveway demolishing the garage doors. And then they heard sounds that might have been emitted by an escaped maniac.

It would seem that when Joe finally got into the garage, there was Eva Burleigh's big sedan hove to across the bows of the fire chief's speedy red-lacquered roadster with its polished brass bell.

THE language Joe Burleigh was using as he got back into the house and ransacked his wife's shopping bag for her ignition key—it would have filled a blankety-blank book.

By the time Volunteer Joe got the missis' sedan started he decided it would be as well to keep on going. But he couldn't forbear a fond, regretful last look behind him at the efficient little red car just as he hit the curve of the driveway. And then, when he pulled back on to the concrete again, he noticed that the Burleigh family's Monday wash, clothesline and all, was strung across his windshield and flapping in his wake like a V of wild ducks.

The hell with it, figured Joe, stepping his throttle to the floor.

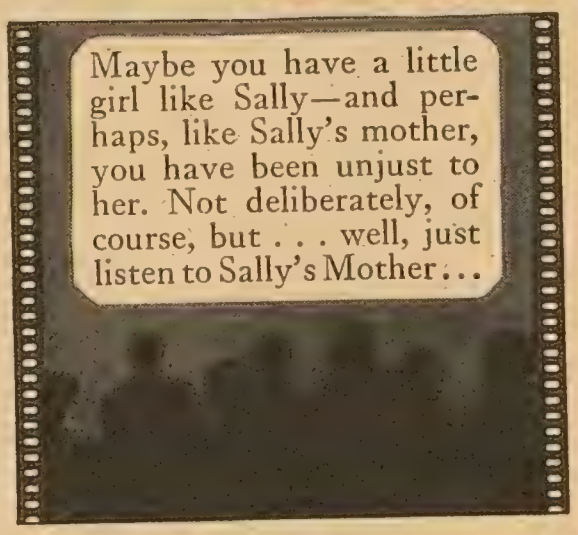
The only problem now, where was this fire? He scanned the horizon, seeking a telltale glare in the sky. Nope. Again and again he sniffed at the rushing night air. No sparks, no smoke. Sixty miles an hour and nowhere to go.

Other people were on the hunt, the same as Joe. All over town he could hear the baying of automobiles, like a scattered pack of rabbit dogs. There was something mysterious about this alarm.

Joe was heading up Main Avenue, listening for the screeching of Pumper Truck No. 1. The driver, an unmarried man, and disgustingly smug about it, usually slept at the engine house. It was his job to get the apparatus to the hot spot while the wedded firemen were easing out into the out-of-doors. And not by any means was Smoky Joe always the last to cut loose from domestic influences.

REAL LIFE MOVIES

The Truth About Sally


Maybe you have a little girl like Sally—and perhaps, like Sally's mother, you have been unjust to her. Not deliberately, of course, but . . . well, just listen to Sally's Mother . . .

2. "Sally Lennox! I'm *ashamed* of this report card. I'm sure Barbara Weeks didn't bring home one like this. Why can't you do as well as she?"

3. No wonder Sally cried herself to sleep that night. Why must they always compare her with Barbara? She tried *so* hard. But somehow . . .

4. And then—a month later—another report card . . . and her grades even lower than the month before. How she dreaded going home from school . . .

5. But Mrs. Lennox held her close. How cruel she had been! Because . . . that afternoon she had talked to Sally's school nurse, Miss Dwight.

6. Sally's real trouble was—*constipation*. What a change now, with the help of Bran Flakes. What a happy, quick-thinking little girl she is today!

HOW MOTHER HELPED SALLY BEAT BARBARA

© G. F. Corp., 1932

If your child is listless, lacks life and energy—do as Sally's mother did. She saw that Sally played outdoors more—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank lots of water . . . and every morning she gave her a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes.

Post's Bran Flakes, a natural "regulator," speeds up sluggish intestines gently, safely. And often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to pale cheeks.

You'll find, too, that it is a most delicious food . . . thousands say the finest tasting cereal on the market. So don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob your children or you of the good things of life. Eat Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*. A General Foods product.

Joe Burleigh owned the big house and grounds at the far end of the avenue, just on the township line. The fire station was about two miles up the boulevard. Smoky Joe got there in such a breeze that mother's and daughter's and daddy's underthings kept coming unpinned from the fluttering clothesline all the way.

People next day were saying whoever held a party through here last night, it certainly must have been good.

When the chief reached the fire house he decided that something ought to be done about discipline. Because the big doors where the pumper truck was kept hadn't even been opened. What kind of fire-fighting was this? he would like to ask. And then he saw lights peeping under the drawn window shades of the recreation rooms above.

Well, he'd look into this. He let himself into the door at the head of the outside stairway, and the gust of merry noises and tobacco smoke and beery smells for an instant knocked him speechless.

And then he saw that everybody was there. Jake Boyle, the assistant chief, was there, and Blister Barouch and Nozzleman McCarty and Highwind Halliday and the rest of them—the whole outfit. All booted and helmeted and slickered, just as they had alibied themselves out of their family circles. Ginger Brown, the cop, was there and Pop Smitty, the selectman, and a tall red-headed guy.

"As I live and breathe!" somebody yelled. "Smoky Joe!"

They capered around the chief in their fire boots. They smote him on the back. Somebody thrust a cold and foaming beer stein at him.

"Where's the fire?" panted Joe.

"What fire?" they chorused.

"The alarm." Joe was on his dignity. "Who pulled it in?"

"How would you of got away from home," chortled Blister Barouch, "unless we blew a whistle?"

"That wa'n't no alarm, mister," said Jake Boyle. "That was only an invitation to a lot of bums to gurgle a lot of beer."

"R. S. V. P.," shoved in the red-headed man.

"Smoky, this is Sam Sanderson, the big hook-and-ladder guy—"

"I know 'im already," said Joe stiffly.

"Sam meets a brewery truck making the rounds of the speaks. An' he has 'em roll off a keg. Boy—howdy!"

She looked so little, her arms trying to span a wheel designed for big, rollicking firemen.

IT stood on the billiard table, a thirty-six-gallon half barrel, with a spigot in the bung. Nozzleman McCarty was filling stoneware crocks, which were going from hand to hand as though the boys had turned into an old-fashioned bucket brigade.

"You mean," wavered Joe, "there ain't any—fire?"

"Mud in your eye," Highwind hailed him.

"Oh, well," sighed the chief, "now that the whistle blew, what in the hell's a fireman for if not to quench something—"

But the telephone bell rang just then. It whirred like a nervous covey of quail getting up in the midst of a scene of contentment and plenty.

There was a sickening pause, and then Joe finally spoke up:

"I guess maybe we better answer it, boys."

Pete Shroudenbach, the truck driver, was the official phone answerer, because he had nobody to recognize his voice.

"Is anybody here?" he asked.

They sounded like a well rehearsed stage mob: "No-o-o!"

Pete took off the receiver and shouted, "Nobody's here!"

And then: "What?" he asked. "Who? Me?" He laughed loftily at whatever was said to him. "Sure I'm here," he said. "Listen. Here's one guy who ain't afraid to say he's here."

THEY were shushing him with deaf-and-dumb signs, but Pete kept right on. "Alarm?" they heard him exclaim. "*Alarm?* You don't say! . . . Yes, ma'am. . . . Who? Chief who? . . . Wait a minute." He didn't bother to put his hand over the transmitter. "She says ask the chief if the fire's out yet."

"Not yet," advised somebody.

"Not yet!" yelled Pete, and slammed up the earpiece.

"Just don't answer it any more," mutinied Volunteer Burleigh.

"Smoky's two gallons in arrears already," taunted Mr. Halliday.

"That's all right," said Sam Sanderson, and gave Joe a second mug. "Here's one guy who can Siamese his drinks."

The chief gallantly tried to show them how that could be done with two one-quart pots at the same moment.

Old Pop Smitty, the selectman, and Ginger Brown, the cop, had their arms around each other's scrawny necks and were starting in to sing. "'Nobody knows,'" they wailed, "'how dry we am—'"

"This stuff is won'erful for your stomach," asserted Joe, removing a beaming sudsy countenance from his two drinking mugs.

Jake Boyle, the assistant chief, joined the chorus with the selectman and the cop. "'Let me be your little dog,'" he bayed, "'until your big dog comes. Let me be your little dog—'"

"But don't get the idea that a barrel of this stuff is making us need any hook-and-ladder apparatuses." Joe thought it would be as well to come out flat-footed to the fire-truck salesman.

Sam Sanderson smiled jauntily. He had that type of loose-knit, lanky figure that made his beautifully tailored clothes look like a suit of tweed bags which he could have borrowed from Xyzbiscuts, the terrible pachyderm. A redhead of the common or brickyard variety, with a humorous gleam in his eyes, and a wicked, freckled grin. Somebody had dropped a scaling ladder on his nose once,

while he was demonstrating how these ladders worked, and it gave him a very unsissified expression. And if you don't think he was a good-looking son of a gun, why, go ahead and make a liar out of Gigi Burleigh.

"I wouldn't try to sell you this hook and ladder, chief, because I think I've got it sold."

"Yeh, uh-uh," said Joe. "Who to?"

"The Manawan Township Eagle boys."

Chief Joe acted suddenly as though his beverage had nauseated him. "You don't mean," he sneered—"Not those poor saps in the next township?"

"Don't they hold the state record?" asked Sanderson innocently, "for running and coupling—"

"Who does?" broke in the chief. "Why, listen! How do you think they beat us that day? If poor old Pete hadn't had the bad breaks to be taken drunk—"

"Those Eagle false alarms!" snorted Assistant Chief Boyle, quitting cold on the Little Dog number. "The only kind of ladders they would know about would run up their wives' stockings."

"This ladder that I mean," said Sanderson, "is a trussed four-length seventy-five-footer. She lifts on cradle gears and extends straight up, fourteen stories high. And at the same time a life net spreads out automatically—"

"WHERE you got this truck now?" asked Pete.

"She's parked down at the Elite garage. Two hundred horse power—"

"My God!" interposed the chief. "A fourteen-story ladder, and we ain't got a building in town more'n four stories high."

"In a growing place like this," reflected Sanderson, "somebody's apt to come along any day and stick up a fourteen-story building. And then it catches fire."

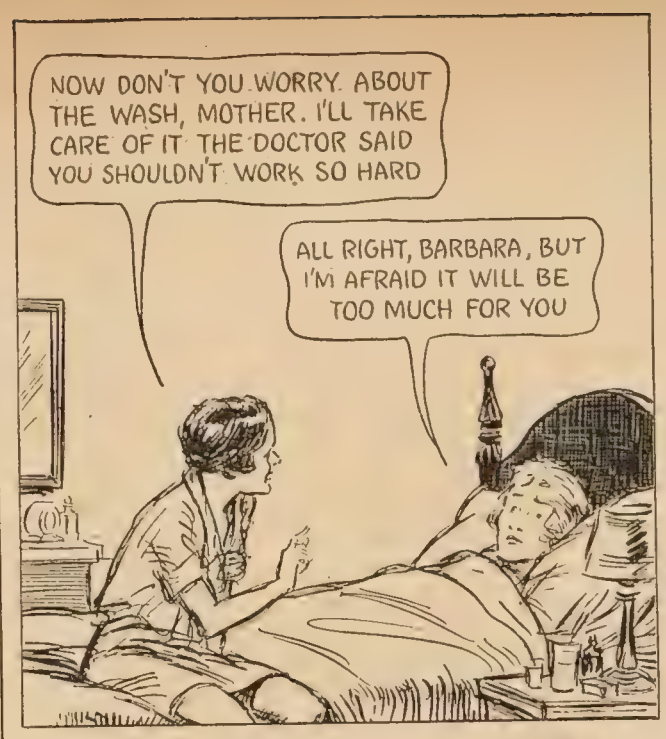
"Ain't it so?" worried Officer Brown. "An' suppose your own mother was seeing her dentist up there on the top floor. An' no ladder. You'd look kind of silly, wouldn't you?"

Old Pop Smitty looked kind of silly, even before this new building went up. "Being a selectman," he said, "here's the way I figure it. Now we wouldn't want them Eagle tightwads to get the jump on us—"

And then he acted suddenly as though he were having a palpitation. The Enterprise siren was housed in a cupola overhead. When it broke loose it felt as though the roof were soaring away in a high wind.

"*OooWOOO!*" went the whistle.

Pete Shroudenbach dropped his jolly old nut-brown brew and went down the brass sliding pole with Officer Brown practically on his neck. Chief Joe jumped to read the box indicator. "*OooWOOOO!*" went the whistle. Jake Boyle was wrapped around the pole, along with Nozzleman McCarty, who had forgotten to turn off the beer spigot.


NOW DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THE WASH, MOTHER. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT THE DOCTOR SAID YOU SHOULDN'T WORK SO HARD
ALL RIGHT, BARBARA, BUT I'M AFRAID IT WILL BE TOO MUCH FOR YOU

LATER
HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU EVER DO IT SO QUICKLY, BARBARA? AND YOU DON'T SEEM A BIT TIRED
IT WAS EASY, MOTHER. I USED A NEW KIND OF SOAP—RINSO. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SCRUB OR BOIL

NEXT WASHDAY
JUST THINK—I DID THIS BIG WASH TODAY—MORE THAN 100 PIECES—AND I DIDN'T TOUCH A WASH-BOARD. RINSO IS SO FINE FOR DISHES, TOO

"One big box did three washes" says Philadelphia woman

"I NEVER used to keep track of the amount of work I was doing with one big box of Rinso. When I did keep a record it was a revelation to me. I did three weeks' washing—snowy-white—with the last box I got. Here's my list:

4 bureau scarfs	10 shirts
17 face cloths	8 pieces children's underwear
28 napkins	5 children's nightclothes
12 pillow cases	10 house-dresses
9 sheets	5 nightgowns
4 table-cloths	3 aprons
36 towels	22 pairs socks
61 handkerchiefs	7 pieces underwear
6 bibs	5 nightclothes
14 children's suits	
26 pairs children's stockings	

Mrs. H. C. O'Connor, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thousands of women have the same wonderful story to tell about this famous work-saving and money-saving soap.

Even in hardest water, a little Rinso gives a lot of thick suds that *soak out dirt.* Clothes that aren't scrubbed or boiled last much longer. And your hands don't get red and washworn—the way they do with old-fashioned scrubbing soaps.

Wonderful for dishwashing

Save work in the dishpan, too—*use Rinso.* Grease floats off in its thick suds. A hot rinse—and dishes drain clear without wiping. Even pots and pans come clean and shiny in a jiffy!

The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG household package today. See what a lot of work one box will do for *you!*

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Millions use Rinso
—it's so easy on the hands

Rinso

2 sizes
most women buy the large package

COOL SHAVES

for All Parties!

CAST your vote for Ingram's and you pick the COOLEST of all shaving creams! Jar and Tube are running mates on the Cool Shave ticket. From Pole to Poll, you can't find a more soothing lather than Ingram's!

It's cool, cool, cool! Pick the jar or the tube, whichever suits your taste. The jar saves you money; the tube's mighty handy. But both are identical inside!

Into every jar and every tube we put three special constituents. They make the cream cool. They make it act on your face like a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic combined!

Get Ingram's today. That way you'll get your first cool shave tomorrow morning. But if you think you can afford to wait, send in this coupon and a 2¢ stamp for ten Cool shaves!

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
IN TUBES OR JARS

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. B-922
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

"Snap into it, boys!" yelled the chief. He and Sam Sanderson made the leap together, catch as catch can. The brass pole was getting hot with volunteers.

Smoky Joe started to unbury himself from under the comrades on the ground floor. "Box Number Nine!" he shouted.

"Hot doggy!" thrilled Blister Barouch. "A swell neighborhood!"

Pete was up on the driver's seat of the one-thousand-gallon pumper, with the motor roaring. "*OooWOOOO!*" went the station-house whistle. The main doors flew open. "*EeeEEEEE!*" went the pumper siren. Firemen were clinging to all parts of her like bats and chimney swifts. Pop Smitty just caught the end of a pike pole as they thundered into the street.

Left turn, and down Main Avenue toward the township line. "It's closer to the Eagle house than ours," fretted Joe Burleigh. "If those louses should beat us to it!"

This Sanderson, the truck salesman, was roughriding the tool box. "We'd better get to moving a little," he goaded them. "Twenty-two seconds gone, and they tell me the Eagle Company has got a state record—"

"Step on her, Pete!" howled the chief.

And let nobody think that from then on they didn't get to that fire. It wasn't long before they saw red in the sky. And then they saw a spout of sparks above the tall maples on down the avenue.

"She's busted through!" yelled Blister Barouch. "She's— Hey, look where it is! Lookit! If it ain't— Why, it's at Smoky Joe's!"

Sure enough. They could see a swirl of flame at the far end of the highway. The Joseph Burleigh estate was the last place in town, and that was where the fire was.

BUT if Smoky Joe flattered himself that this was to be his own private fire to cope with, he soon had another guess coming.

For from out of the dark places of Manawan Township they heard something bearing down their direction like a fugitive lost soul with the night-screaming meemees. Pete made the rest of the run so fast that he couldn't stop when he got to the fire. But as fast as he got there he wasn't a split second ahead of the garish red pumper truck that came flaring out of the east. The full crew was aboard.

Volunteer Joe by now was on the scene studying the fire. It wasn't the house, he perceived; it was the garage. The place was a living sheet of flame. And in there, through the gas explosions, you could see the fire chief's red-and-gold speedster, which had never been to a hotter fire than this one.

Over in the shadows of the giant maples stood Miss Virginia Burleigh.

Sam Sanderson saw her, and walked over to say hello.

"Hello!" said Miss Gigi. "Do you like our fire?"

"I could see better fires any day," Sanderson said, "but I wouldn't see anything as exciting as you—not twice in a lifetime."

Miss Gigi stood barefooted in the dew, as pretty as a pixy in her inadequate little blue-silk pyjamas.

"Maybe you think *I* started this fire," she said.

"Sure I do," he told her. "You cute little pyromaniac."

"Well, I didn't," giggled Gigi. "When I have to do that to get somebody to come to my house, they can stay where they are."

"I would come through a hundred fires to come to your house," declared Sanderson fervently.

"If you want to know who started this one," stated Gigi, "my mother started it."

"Like fun she did."

"No foolin'. She lit a match to a bunch of greasy waste, and it kind of got away from her. It jumped to the gas tank—"

Mrs. Burleigh was leaning against the arbor trellises with Typhoon, the cat, in her athletic arms. And she happened to hear what her daughter had said. She walked over toward Sam and Gigi in her bath sandals and a long, flowered dressing gown.

"AS long as Mr. Burleigh loves his fires so," she said, "I thought I'd give him a fire to come to. This is one time I got that old wowser home on the run."

Sam gazed at her in astonishment. "Arson!" he gasped.

"Arson my eye!" retorted Eva Burleigh. "Not if you don't collect insurance. And we don't carry any, because our Mr. Burleigh thinks fire insurance is an insult to the fire-house gang. After the garage has burned down," she finished complacently, "he can come back to bed, where he belongs."

By this time both pumper trucks had gone into action.

"Gangway!" yelled the Eagle boys, unfurling their one thousand feet of hose.

But the Enterprise boys had twelve hundred feet of hose. And they could handle it like J. P. Morgan & Company paying out so much ticker tape.

There was only one fire plug at this end of town. The Nos. 4 and 5 men of the Eagle company were starting to couple up just as Blister Barouch and Highwind Halliday started to couple up.

Fire Chief Murchison of Manawan Township stalked to the spot, sinister as an old black raven in his flapping rubber coat. "Hook her up, boys," he ordered.

The Enterprise crew had their hose partly screwed on, but the Eagle crew now unscrewed it and started to screw on their hose.

"Excuse it, please," said Highwind, and yanked No. 4 Eagle's helmet down around his Adam's apple.

At that, Manawan Fireman No. 5 swung on Highwind's nose. But the ponderous Mr. Barouch then took No. 5 Eagle out.

The fire by this time was going great, smoke and embers scorching the trees. Automobiles loaded down with spectators were arriving every minute to clutter up the highways.

"Get a draft on her, Pete!" hollered Smoky Joe.

And then he noticed there was a little delay at the fire plug.

The Manawan Township commander was just aiming a haymaker for the back of Blister's ear when Smoky Joe grappled his way into the ruckus. And then the two fire chiefs hurled each other down in the middle of Eva Burleigh's pansy beds and rolled over and over so fast that, as Miss Gigi said afterward, you could hardly tell which were the pansies.

"If you guys lay a hand on that water plug," threatened Chief Murchison, "I'll have you pinched!"

"Screw 'er on, boys!" roared Chief Joe, rolling on top.

"That's a Manawan Township plug," raged Commander Murchison. "An' I'll have you pinched!"

"You and how many other Manawan Township plugs?" inquired Assistant Chief Jake Boyle as he waded into the scene.

"Whose fire is this?" panted Joe Burleigh. "Get the hell off our property. Screw 'er on, boys!"

"He's all screwy," said the Eagle assistant chief, trying to pop one off Jake Boyle's jaw. "Lay off our water system!"

"Hey—Ginger!" yelled Joe Burleigh. "Trespassin'! Officer, arrest 'em!"

"Yes, sir," said Ginger Brown, the cop."

BUT the Eagle boys had brought their own cop along. And the two cops then removed themselves to the gutter, up and down under the traffic jam, and started in arresting each other.

So in the end it was left for old Pop Smitty to turn the tide. He was the only selectman on the ground, and there was nobody to head him off as he grabbed up a patented hose shut-off and door-opener from the Enterprise truck. This was a combination nickel-plated tool, warranted to be very useful at fires.

Pop Smitty took his stand over the fire plug. "If anybody stops us," he bullied them, "I'll crack 'im down!"

That gave Blister Barouch the two seconds needed to thread up his hose coupling. And Highwind fastened on with a spanner and wrenched it tight.

"Draft!" they shouted together.

Pete Shroudenbach had the pumper going, and the indicator showed a head of one hundred and twenty pounds, which was good enough for anybody.

Nozzleman McCarty and his junior galloped for the fire with a writhing hose behind them. One of the Eagle boys stuck out a boot to trip them up just as the stream burst from the nozzle.

The splash had that mighty booming sound of surf hitting a stone jetty. And then Mrs. Eva Burleigh

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*The usual supplementary foods (used with mother's milk, any milk) are orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other source of the anti-rachitic vitamin D.

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*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name and address plainly)

and Typhoon, the cat, went end-over-ending across the back yard, until they finally washed up in the doorway of the gardener's tool house.

"Wait a minute," said Assistant Chief Boyle, trying to catch the nozzlemen's eyes. "Hey! You're playing on Mrs. Burleigh!"

"I ask you," enthused Pete Shroudenbach from the pumper truck, "is zat pressure?"

Smoky Joe by now had got rid of the visiting fire chief. "Your mama," he told Miss Gigi reproachfully, "ought to wear more at fires."

And then he waved his men on to battle. "Wet her down, boys!"

Mrs. Burleigh came up from the tool-house doorway like somebody who was training for the fifty-meter front-and-back-stroke events. It was then that Smoky Joe realized he probably was about to be misunderstood by his wife once more. So he left hurriedly to give a little help to Nozzleman McCarty.

But at that moment Mrs. Burleigh discovered that she no longer had her cat. And then she must have forgotten what she felt and looked like. She forgot everything excepting Typhoon.

"Typhy!" She half sobbed. "Typhy!"

Typhoon, however, was then going up the biggest of the maple trees. He didn't appear to be quite himself any more, and yet, from the way that bark and twigs were flying, you could tell that he still belonged to the cat family.

The maple tree was about seventy feet tall, so that was as high as Typhoon could go. He was up there, glaring down, where garish-looking firemen were dancing around like demons and flames crackled and a three-inch stream of water spouted and hissed.

"Typhy!" moaned Mrs. Burleigh.

Pop Smitty, who was always taking his life in his hands without knowing it—old Smitty had come over to pay his compliments to the chief's wife. "Evenin', Mrs. Burleigh," he said neighborly. "How's every little thing?"

But Mrs. Burleigh was merely yearning toward the tree top with both of her dripping arms reaching up. "Typhy!" she beseeched. "Dinner, Typhy—*dinner!*"

"Treed cats," philosophized Pop Smitty, "'s often's not don't come down for a week or more."

MISS GIGI was tugging at Sanderson's sleeve. "Your hook and ladder!" she cried.

"It's a beauty," said Sam. "Eighty feet over all, the hind end swinging on a turntable—"

"Let's get it! Oh, quick! You can rescue Typhoon!"

"And so?" said Sanderson.

"Come on!" Gigi was pulling at his hand. "You could own mother, body and soul."

"I wouldn't want to," reflected Sanderson.

"But," persisted Gigi, "you can show 'em how it works. Sam! A demonstration!"

At that idea all of the salesman in Sanderson came to the surface. "Wow!" he ejaculated.

The next moment he and Miss Gigi were in the street, hand in hand. They found a battered, abandoned automobile in the second block, which they could maneuver out from among a thousand parked cars. And they helped themselves.

Five minutes later they were downtown, crowding open the doors of the Elite garage.

Sam flashed a light on a big hook-and-ladder truck that extended the length of the building and stuck out into the alley. It was loaded down with contraptions. It scintillated with nickel plate and glossy red paint. It was new. It was stupendous.

"I always carry a sample," said Sam, and conducted Gigi to the rear end, where the subsidiary steersman sits.

He helped her up into the high seat and showed her how to spread herself around the enormous wheel.

"You just follow where I go," he told her. "And right beside you is a push button that rings a bell up there where I'll be. If anything goes wrong, ring it."

"And what'll you do?" asked Gigi breathlessly.

"Nothing," said Sam, and ran back to the front of the garage, starting up a munitions works in wartime. And yet Sam could handle one of these trucks easier than he could roller-skate. He took her out of the garage and sheered around into the avenue.

His sentiments were both tender and proud as he glanced away back behind him at Miss Gigi. She looked so little and so isolated, never minding how few her clothes were, her dark hair loose in the wind, and her slim arms trying to span a wheel that had been designed primarily for big, rollicking firemen. A grand kid. She'd steer anything anybody told her to, no matter what.

It wasn't Gigi's fault if the downtown section wasn't wide enough. She could have mailed a letter in the post office when they swung the corner, or picked some doughnuts from the lunch wagon across the way.

But Sam just laughed. "She'll slue a little at first," he megaphoned her. "But you'll get the hang of it."

AND sure enough. When they careened around the Main Avenue turn, she had grown so proficient by this time that all they took away was the vegetable stand and front awning of Mr. Tutweiler the grocer.

They now had a straightaway ahead, where no more buildings could sideswipe them. So Sam cut in the siren, and the rest of the run was like a harpoon being hurled the length of Main Avenue. Before Gigi could get her breath again they had crashed the privet hedge, on into the Burleighs' back yard.

Sam noticed in passing that two fighting fire companies were now waging a more or less successful battle to see who should save the concrete foundation of Smoky Joe's garage.

He went right across the lawn, through blackened débris and over hoses, while people and smoke eaters yelled and got out of his way.

Mrs. Burleigh was hanging around forlornly among the maples, getting a crick in the neck from being wet and looking up. And was she glad to see what Sam and Gigi brought!

"Oh!" she cried. "You've brought a ladder!"

"Yes'm," said Sam modestly.

There were plenty of willing volunteers to lend a hand with the hoisting mechanism. They had to remove Gigi bodily so they could demount the hind seat and steering wheel. And then half a dozen men took hold of the lifting crank. The ladders started to pivot upward and untelescope themselves. And simultaneously a collapsible frame was opening up, spreading out a capacious and comfortable life net for those optimistic souls who preferred to jump. From the topmost branches of the old maple tree Typhoon's wild eyeballs were glowering down, wondering what the criminently next.

Even before the ladder was fully erect, Sam sprang for it. At the fifteenth or twentieth rung he paused. "This certainly is a ladder!" he told the gaping crowd. "And *safe?*"

With that he trotted on up. The ladder by now reached three or four times as high as the tree. Where Typhoon crouched and clung was only about the first way station. Sam reached across and casually plucked him out of the tree.

At that moment Typhoon reminded Sam of a wet sponge that was being used for a hornets' nest. He was what they call a fore-and-after, the kind of a pet cat that

NEXT WEEK—

WIVES of GREAT MEN

By

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

also

ZIEGFELD of the FOLLIES

By

Harry B. Smith

gets his man both with the obverse and the reverse swipes. This cat not only caterwauled, he catapulted. He scrambled for the top of Sam's head, and let go with all four anchors.

Sam Sanderson always prided himself on how seldom he fell off of ladders. Even now he didn't precisely lose his hold. He just wanted his hands for something else. And then the astounded crowd saw Sam and Typhoon out there in midair.

Yes, that's what life nets are for. Sam and the cat turned over and over. They hit and bounced. And when they finished rebounding, Typhoon seemed much subdued. And who could blame him?

Sam rolled out of the net. "How's 'at for a ladder?" he asked everybody.

Mrs. Burleigh grabbed Typhoon out of his arms, and would have included Sam in the same loving gesture had he not been a shifty lad on his feet. He saw to it that the ladders were properly lowered and stowed. And then he caught Gigi by the wrist.

"Let's go," he said.

She was about to climb to the rear again, but he held her firmly. "What would I do with you way back there?"

Then he beckoned to Chief Burleigh. "Joe—Smoky Joe! Get up there and steer the behind end."

Volunteer Burleigh started to mount the rear seat.

"Joe!" said Mrs. Burleigh crisply. "You come back here!"

In every man there is a reserved section to which no woman, married or otherwise, ever yet held a ticket of admission. And the "Sold Out" sign was on Joe Burleigh this night. He sternly took the wheel.

And so they went, Sam and Gigi in the driver's seat.

"Where are we going?" asked Gigi, delightedly.

Sam carefully wrapped a blanket about an ecstatic little volunteer and made her come closer. "It'll get chilly," he explained, "along toward dawn."

Gigi stole a moment to grin back at Smoky Joe. "Look at him," she said. "You couldn't pry him off this apparatus. Sam! You've sold your hook and ladder!"

"Hook and ladders are easy to sell," he told her. "And now I've got to sell myself."

Gigi snuggled even closer, if anything. "I just love to hear sales talk," she said. She laughed softly. "If daddy thinks anything's going wrong up here, he can ring the bell."

"Yeh," said Sam. "And see how much we notice it."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How do toads drink?

2—Which is the oldest of the national parks established by the United States government?

3—When do the Presidential electors meet?

4—What prominent man attended the funerals of all three of our assassinated Presidents?

5—What is logistics?

6—What is the annual Mohammedan fast called?

7—Of what material do hornets make their nests?

8—What is a deciduous plant?

9—What is the common name for iron hydroxide?

10—Who was the first postmaster-general in America?

11—When was the great eruption of Mt. Vesuvius?

12—What is the largest sea bird that flies?

13—What modern city occupies approximately the site of ancient Carthage?

14—What great country was once a penal colony?

15—What was the first American battle of the World War?

16—How many postal zones are there in the United States?

17—What is plumbago?

18—When was Hawaii annexed to the United States?

19—What is the derivation of the word curfew?

20—What bird was called the philomel?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

Why does Squibb Aspirin always reach you exact in dosage?
(see page 53 for the answer)

Consider *this* Aspirin tablet . . .

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"Squibb Aspirin, please!"

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

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The Volcan

A Bird of Paradise Reaches a Radio Movie, a Keato an English Picture Ame

By FREDERIC

Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea as they appear in The Bird of Paradise. Needless to say, Miss Del Rio and her costumes are the main source of interest.

The crooner and his precarious popularity enter the movies. The picture shows Ann Dvorak, David Manners, and Ken Murray.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 3 seconds.)

THE movies had to wait over fifteen years to produce Richard Walton Tully's drama, The Bird of Paradise, once a stage vehicle for Lenore Ulric.

The play was an outstanding success of the day, but it was tied up by litigation. Tully was forced to spend the munificent earnings of the hit to defend himself as author.

The film producers meanwhile had to wait. At last the battle reached the point where Tully could dispose of the screen rights. Radio Pictures purchased the story.

Imagine, then, the surprise of the movie moguls to discover that The Bird of Paradise is the familiar yarn of the civilized white boy who falls in love with the native girl. The films have been producing this very story for years with success.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ THE BIRD OF PARADISE

CAST

Luana	Dolores Del Rio
Johnny Baker	Joel McCrea
Mac	John Halliday
Thornton	Creighton Chaney
Chester	Skeets Gallagher
Hector	Bert Roach
The King	Pukui
Medicine Man	Agostino Borgato
Old Native Woman	Sophie Ortego

Directed by King Vidor.
Produced by RKO-Radio.

Author Tully marshaled all the known menaces in telling his South Sea story. The heroine is the island king's daughter and therefore taboo. She is to be given in marriage to a fat and menacing native prince. And she is promised also to Volcano Pele as hostage for good conduct. In case of an eruption, she is to be tossed into the molten crater.

However, rich young Johnny Baker persuades his yachting friends to leave him behind on the island. He steals Luana, takes her to a neighboring isle, and builds a house in no time at all, living an idyllic life until old Pele starts to erupt. Then the tribal medicine man comes after Luana and she feels it her duty to be the current sacrifice.

The entire suspense of The Bird of Paradise revolves around the brief costumes of Dolores Del Rio, who lends a charming figure to the rôle of Luana. There's a moonlight-bathing love scene with Luana minus even a 1932 swim suit.

Director King Vidor, who is fitted to tell a human and direct story expertly, is lost in the phony romance of this yarn. While the better part of a million dollars was spent on the film, and interesting shots of an eruption, an earthquake, and a tropic maelstrom were caught, the story remains just the adolescent fable of a lovely native who does a modest hula, learns coy pidgin English, and never loses her perfectly manicured finger nails, and a handsome young white who goes native politely but never needs a shave.

Joel McCrea, by the way, is adequate as the boy. But Miss Del Rio is the compelling suspense. Yet, for some reason or other, Radio never renewed her contract after the making of The Bird of Paradise.

★ ★ CROONER

CAST

Teddy	David Manners
Judy	Ann Dvorak
Peter	Ken Murray
Hat-check Girl	Sheila Terry
Pat	William Janney
Henry	Eddie Nugent
Meyers	J. Carol Naish
His Secretary	Betty Gillette
The Drunk	Guy Kibbee
Theater Manager	William Halligan
Mack	Teddy Joyce
Ralph	Allan Vincent
Boy	Sumner Getchell
Tom	Clarence Norstrum
Constance	Claire Dodd
Head Waiter	William Ricciardi

Directed by Lloyd Bacon.
Produced by First National.

The crooner is a public institution, despite all those who view him as a social menace. This bitter, almost

o Hostage

Screen After Fifteen Years;
nd Durante Comedy, and
he Week's Film Offerings

AMES SMITH

A comedy combination—Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton—well bolstered with a number of gags, puts Speak Easily over in style.

too savage comedy depicts the precarious existence of Teddy Taylor, leader of a college orchestra, his chance use of a megaphone, his acquisition of a sex-appeal voice, his meteoric success, his dangerous enlargement of the head. Taylor soon loses his popularity but regains his balance as well as his girl.

This study of what ego does to an accidental success, along with its glimpses into radio life, is told with gusto, pungent dialogue, and satisfactory acting by David Manners as the crooner, by Ken Murray as his press agent, and by Ann Dvorak as the girl the radio idol forgot.

★ ★ SPEAK EASILY

CAST

Professor Post	Buster Keaton
James	Jimmy Durante
Pansy Peets	Ruth Selwyn
Eleanor Espere	Thelma Todd
Mrs. Peets	Hedda Hopper
Griffo	William Pawley
Stage Director	Sidney Toler
Dr. Bolton	Lawrence Grant
Tony	Henry Armetta
Reno	Edward Brophy

Directed by Edward Sedgwick.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The gag men have worked hard upon Clarence Budington Kelland's story of a professor who has lived a solitary existence with his nerves. His servant conceives the idea of sending him a fake message announcing a huge inheritance.

Problems accumulate when the professor adopts a stranded theatrical company along with Jimmy Durante.

Dead-Pan Buster Keaton is amusing as the professor, Durante is hilarious in his lesser rôle. Thelma Todd scores a hit as a blonde in quest of the professor's mythical millions.

★ ILLEGAL

CAST

Evelyn Dean	Isobel Elsom
Albert	Ivor Barnard
Dorothy Dixon	Margot Grahame
Franklin Dean	D. A. Clarke-Smith
Anne Dixon	Moira Lynd
Lord Alan Sevington	Edgar Norfolk
Bookmaker	Walter Patch
Head Mistress	Margaret Damer
Prison Governor	Victor Fairley
Wardress	Joy Chatwyn
Inspector	Leo Raine
Eaves	J. Lauriston
Conway	C. Glover

Directed by William McGann.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

The films are going direct to the newspaper front pages for their plots. This English-made film is the story of a London night-club hostess who educates her two daughters from profits acquired while flaunting the law. In brief, she sells liquor after legal hours, permits gambling. The police snoop, the club hostess is sent to jail.

But the two daughters come to the rescue, take over the club, make it a new success. One girl cannot stand success, dies as her motor car rams a building. The other marries into the nobility.

The film has an all-English cast. One player, blonde Margot Grahame, as the daughter who takes to singing torch songs in the club, stands out. The film is fair, having a certain interest in its picture of a phase of the British liquor problem.

A little something brought from England—Illegal, a night-club plot—with Isobel Elsom and Ivor Barnard appearing as two of the leading characters.

Do you know that—

Gwili Andre has been chosen to be John Barrymore's leading lady in The Public Be Damned?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You.

★★★Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss.

HELLO EVE

This is KATE SMITH *Speaking*

Courtesy Columbia Broadcasting System

Kate as she looks just before you hear: "When the moon comes over the mountain—"

(Reading time: 14 minutes 45 seconds.)

I HAD been crying. Immediately an unusual number of letters arrived from my radio friends asking one and the same question: "Why is your voice so sad?"

Everyone who sings knows what crying does to the vocal cords—gums them up. The tones won't come through right. You've tried to talk with a lump in your throat? It's like that, only a thousand times worse.

I had gone home to Washington. It was my first engagement there since my name and my voice had become familiar to a national radio audience. A band met me with a special guard of honor at the station. Kate Smith coming home, and how! As the band played Home, Sweet Home, my heart speeded up and I whispered over and over, "Don't let it get you, Katie! Don't let it get you!" Fat girls are supposed always to laugh, never to cry.

Well, everything was fine until one of the guard, a man about forty, stepped up. In his hand was a worn leather wallet. Digging into it, he pulled out a faded snapshot and held it out for me to see.

I looked at him questioningly.

The wallet, he explained, had been found a dozen years before in his brother's tunic—somewhere in France. The picture, a rough-and-ready, good-natured-looking soldier boy and a child on his knee, a chubby little girl with pigtails and hair ribbons.

I still saw the man before me, yet didn't see him. No use telling myself things now—the tears were streaming down my cheeks. In his place appeared thousands of American doughboys swarming about hundreds of tables—always the tables, and always that same little beribboned girl standing upon one of them. Across the years I seemed to hear a small piping voice, and those other voices—many long since stilled—crying, "Give us a song, little one! How about Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight, or The Rose of No Man's Land?" I heard again in memory their voices shouting the chorus with me: Over There, There's a Long, Long Trail, and others.

I loved to sing for the soldiers. I touched their hearts, they said. That was the main thing in those days—touching people's hearts. It is the main thing always.

Next, I remembered the reward that came so unexpectedly years later. An order from General Pershing to come to a great dinner with President Harding, where a medal was pinned on my dress.

All this thrill, a heartachy one, from an old snapshot!

. . . . . .

As a child, I insisted that when I grew up I'd go on the stage. My family laughed at such an idea. Our particular branch of the Smith tree sprouted doctors. My destiny, I was told, lay in medicine. At least I could be a nurse.

At the nurses' training school I nearly killed patients with kindness. In time my family rued the day they sent me there. But the patients lived in spite of me. I even received letters from some of them, when I first went on the air, congratulating me, relieved to learn that I'd gone in for a different career!

When Liberty asked me for the story of my life thus far, I was thrilled. Immediately I imagined myself in print as a figure of glamorous romance. "The Song Bird of the South," as they call me—I was born in the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia—telling all! I began to see myself as I'd like to be, not only in print, but in life—slender, sinuous, a ravishing brunette in an armor of "it." A musician who, after hard years of study, finally reaches her goal.

Luckily the mirror I had passed on the way to my desk woke me up. All two hundred and eleven pounds of me, my taffy-colored hair, and my moon face with its comedian's mouth upturned at the corners, brought me quickly to my senses! I knew, too, that I'd never had a music lesson of any kind, that I can't recognize one note from the other on the piano.

I used to wonder why children who have no theatrical blood in their veins want to go on the stage. It's to satisfy a longing, I guess, to be something different. It is so intense, this desire, it gives you courage the first time you stand before the footlights. That is what I felt the night I made my first "professional" appearance.

One afternoon a schoolmate and I were passing a neighborhood theater. A sign announced amateur night. She dared me to apply. You know what a dare is when you're twelve years old!

It was one of those theaters where the manager stands in the wings with a long iron hook in his hands and a resolute look on his face. Waiting, of course, to pull you off if the gang out front begins to whistle or to laugh in the wrong key. But he didn't have the hook when I went on. I guess he'd already decided it wasn't big enough.

What a wonderful night that turned out to be, with its first prize, five dollars, for me! I remember how the stars sparkled in the spring sky as I went through the stage entrance afterward. A different world outside,

RYBODY!

The Song Bird of the South Tells How She Came to Be One of the Most Popular Artists on the Air

Oh, yes, you certainly can see Kate with the naked eye! But it doesn't worry her one bit—and her heart is even bigger than her sweet, kindly voice and the rest of her.

Courtesy Columbia Broadcasting System

then. And the manager's voice calling after me: "Come around again sometime, Tubby!"

The next three years I appeared regularly in similar shows at local theaters. I got to be so well known that when a performer didn't show up, the manager would ask my folks to let me fill in the gap. They made it a point to know the managers, too. They didn't think much of show business. Sometimes my mother and older sister sat in the audience, secretly hoping, I guess, that I would get that hook! Even today they seem a bit bewildered, wondering why fifteen thousand or more people write me every week!

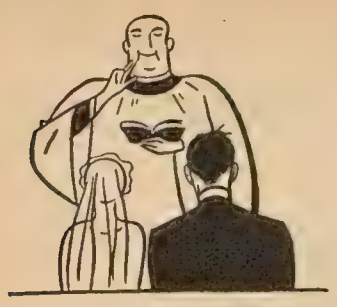
I WAS a terrible flop as a nurse. But I had decided to go through with my training for my family's sake. Then one day a call came from Keith's Theater, the biggest vaudeville house in Washington, asking if I would substitute there for the week. I forgot everything else in my excitement.

I don't know what it is to be afraid, provided I can sing. As a child, I remember visiting friends in the country and being terrified in the black autumn evenings when I had to walk alone past tall, thick bushes of strawberry shrub on my way to a neighbor's house. But one night I started off singing a hymn I'd learned in Sunday school. "I am so glad that Jesus loves me!" I sang, and was suddenly calm, my fear gone forever. I have heard that children who are encouraged to sing to themselves are generally fearless and self-controlled in unusual situations. It is easy to understand.

At Keith's, instead of being nervous in the biggest theater in town, replacing a well known vaudeville act, I felt perfectly sure of myself, singing.

My songs went over so well that I added a few dance steps out of sheer delight. It was this impromptu dancing that caught the eye of one of the old-time vaudeville actors on the bill. His experienced orbs quickly saw a comedy feature in a great big girl dancing. And was I green! So green that he believed New York audiences would surely appreciate me. Before that week was out I was offered a job in Honeymoon Lane, a show then being assembled in New York.

Show business has never seen a more naïve (polite word for "dumb," remember, when someone calls you that) person than the fat girl in Honeymoon Lane, who danced a comedy routine and grew fatter on it. She thought her midget salary enormous. So did everyone else. She was "touched" every pay-day night, and often didn't have enough left to meet her own small expenses. This good-natured dumb-bell was so pleased to be in a



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successful show in the Big City, it seemed all right to give her money away to the first person who told a hard-luck story. When the show closed, after a year's run, Kate Smith didn't have money enough to go home.

It was then that I realized I had no friends either. Why? The explanation seems simple now. It bothered me then. I was in the theater, but not of it—an outsider.

I was only seventeen, and in spite of the fact that I had had a little experience, my life was spent mostly with my own people, home folks. During the run of the show I was constantly invited to parties. I didn't go. I was afraid, embarrassed. Shy, I guess. I couldn't even speak the language of Broadway. I didn't smoke, I didn't drink. I don't today. No special virtue. I just don't like it.

Then the first excitement of New York wore off, and I was fearfully homesick; translated, it means terribly lonely. Every Saturday night, after the show, if I had carfare left, I'd take the midnight train to Washington. I hadn't appreciated home before.

When you are a success at something it's awfully hard to believe you might some day be a failure. It's a bitter pill to swallow when it happens.

I stepped from my first show into professional oblivion. For weeks I trudged Broadway. I sat hours in casting offices. Nothing happened. It seemed to be an off season for fat girls.

"Kate Smith?" the producer would say. "Sure, I've seen you do your stuff! You're a great kid, big girl! Come back next week." I soon got to know what that meant.

In Washington again, I was miserable. A little success is a dangerous thing. Eighteen months passed and I couldn't get an engagement. One day, walking along a path near the Lincoln Memorial, I suddenly felt very small and worthless. It was no longer important to me whether Kate Smith sang or not.

What a day to be unhappy! Spring, and the cherry trees along the Potomac in bloom. I crossed under the blossoms to the river. *Was* I low!

THEN my sense of humor saved me. How could I drown successfully when I swim like a fish and float like a balloon? I laughed at the thought—at myself. You can't laugh at yourself, you know, without appearing first a little ridiculous to yourself.

I turned away from the river bank, still laughing aloud and perhaps a little hysterically. A man who was walking ahead of me turned. We looked at each other for a moment. He was the manager of one of the smaller Washington theaters, where I had sung on an amateur night a long time before. I told him my troubles. The upshot was that he suggested my forgetting musical comedy and going into vaudeville.

The moment I stopped taking myself so seriously things came my way. A year's vaudeville contract took me into the principal variety and moving-picture houses all over the country, winding up in New York, where another producer re-"discovered" me.

Today I receive thousands of letters every week from people all over the country who for one reason or another ask me to sing certain songs on the air. What a joy to be able to do this! The fans really originated my program of Memory Songs each Wednesday evening. Sometimes an elderly man will write me, as one recently did from Walla Walla, Washington. He said:

DEAR KATE SMITH:

If you value happiness in others—and even your speaking voice tells me you do—sing for me an old song my Irish mother used to sing, called The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow. I think hearing you sing that song may keep me from jumping into the river.

I felt that letter was sincere. How well I understood it! It brought back to me the day when I too had considered the river.

FOUR hundred and fifty dollars a week in Flying High seemed all the money in the world. Yet that salary melted away, as smaller ones had before. It's doubly hard to say "No" to people when you can still remember the feel of being broke yourself. One of my relatives suggested sarcastically that perhaps I might earn extra money making phonograph records to eke out a living!

Because of this chance remark—such little things make or break you!—I stood, a few days later, in the recording room of a phonograph company. I had just finished my song when a young man entered the room.

"I've been listening on the other side of the door," he said. "It's a voice in millions, and *for* millions!"

I noted the gayest of Irish smiles but mentally put down his enthusiasm as so much blarney. As soon as we were introduced, Ted Collins began to ask questions. Foolish questions, I thought, that were none of his business. I got a little bit mad, but when I looked into his eyes, shrewd but kind, I realized he was not being fresh. Did I like people? Had I a beau? What did I do with my money? Did I take the first salary offered me? Was I fond of my family?

Suddenly he said, half to himself, "Your speaking voice has depth and color, too." Then, "How would you like to gamble with me in radio?" I thought he meant a stock! I had no money, so I was amused. I laughed out loud. "Even that laugh will make good on the air!" he smiled back. "It has a sob in it—like Caruso's top notes!"

I soon learned that he was one of the few men who knew the radio game, and that gambling was a matter of time, of patience, not money, in a radio career.

Until now, things had just happened to me. The only time I made an effort to get work I was a failure.

I was perfect proof of the saying, "Easy come, easy go."

When Flying High closed, I went to Ted's office. On his desk was a large sheet of paper, a contract, I thought.

"Read this," he said, handing it to me.

I saw a typewritten list, men and women once famous in the theater and opera. He had marked crosses after most of the names.

"They were all great, topnotchers in their time," he said. "Talented; made lots of money. Where are they today? Has-beens. Down and out.

"Some day you're going to make a lot of money," he prophesied. "I hope you won't forget this list!"

Last September I signed a two-year contract to broadcast for fifteen minutes, four evenings a week. My salary is said to be the largest ever paid to a woman singer on the air. I had just finished eleven consecutive weeks at the Palace Theater in New York—an unheard-of vaudeville run—and sometimes, when I wasn't too tired, accepted private engagements to sing for clubs and societies following my evening performance. Besides, I had already made a contract to sing at vaudeville and movie houses throughout the country, broadcasting as I traveled.

How did this popularity come about when four years before only a few people knew my very simple name?

My success is entirely due to my manager, Ted Collins. This is the first thing I tell reporters. When someone realizes your possibilities and directs them, I think he deserves all the credit. A lot of talent in the world goes to waste because the right person doesn't come along to guide it.

I stopped at a garage in the country one day last summer. A fat boy waited on me. Such a smile I'd never seen! The happiest, sweetest, laughingest, most infectious smile in the world! A combination of Chevalier, Ed Wynn, Joe Cook, and Eddie Cantor! It haunted me for days, perked me up whenever I felt blue. If the right person had come along—a moving-picture man, for instance—that smile wouldn't be lost in the shadows of a country garage.

IT sounds easy, a radio career. Well, you may have your name in lights on Broadway, yet be absolutely unknown to radio listeners in an upstate town a hundred miles away. The "build-up" period to make you known is wearing, tearing, often discouraging work.

For four months I was a "sustaining" artist. That is, I sang whenever I got the chance, at any hour of the day or night—and was told to like it! I lived on a small allowance from home, because I seldom got paid for these "chances," similar to tryouts in the theater. A great deal of my time was spent at the other end of the radio, too, listening to others, studying what they did.

My first mail from fans was a great big thrill to me. At times I had doubted that I had a radio personality. Those letters helped to convince me that air waves carry more than just the sounds you make, that they tell people what sort of a person you are—whether you are sympathetic or high-hat.

Some of my friends laugh at me because I take my mail seriously; call me mushy. What other proof have I to know whether I am making good or not? These letters are a gauge, too, to show what the radio public likes, what it wants. A letter postmarked Douglasville, Pennsylvania, from some farm hand may have a more valuable suggestion in it for a program than the sophisticated advice of an executive in the studio.

HERE'S an admission: I've never had an original idea for any one of my radio programs! Each has been the result of a written suggestion from some stranger. I never have to worry about next week's programs! There they are, lying on my desk—the best of suggestions.

I read all my fan mail—believe it or not—with reservations. I have two secretaries now, to sort it. Many letters are requests for pictures, which they take care of. Others are phony letters. They know how to spot them quickly. All people before the public receive these by the hundreds. You'd be surprised at the number of persons who threatened to commit suicide last year if I didn't send a check by return mail. Such letters used to disturb me. I remember the first one I received, from a girl in Brooklyn. All day long I sent for each edition of the newspaper as it came out to see if this girl had kept her threat. She hadn't, of course.

"Dear Cousin Kate," a lot of letters begin. So many persons claim relationship I sometimes feel like the Wendel Estate!

What do I do with the thousands of dollars I make every week? It's a perfectly natural question. I wonder the same about other people.

Before reading this far you must have realized what a perfect darn' fool I am about money! But I have implicit faith in my manager. I follow his advice. I live on the comparatively small amount it takes to run a modest apartment, to pay for the services of a maid and chauffeur and my two secretaries. I like clothes and jewelry. But I think the simpler a fat woman dresses the better. I own four simple pieces of jewelry: a wrist watch, a ring, a brooch, and a necklace. I own a roadster—I adore driving fast!—and a rowboat on a little creek on Long Island. I spend various amounts on my own personal charity, helping people in the vicinity of New York who really need help. I send out a man to investigate certain letters, to get the facts first. Otherwise, my money is invested in annuities and government bonds.

I have never forgotten the list that Ted Collins showed me when I first went under his management.

THE END

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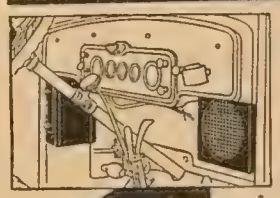

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Vox

The Answer to a Pilot's Prayer: A Visit from Mr. Beach

ROOSEVELT FIELD, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.—"Beyond Control" is the perfect title for that yarn by Rex Beach. It *is* beyond control.

The fellows at this airport didn't mind the first installment of high, wide, and handsome flying. But the illustration at the beginning of the second was enough to throw us into a flat spin. Not that "Clayt" Knight is at fault, but that

the yarn got wilder than a pitcher in the Three-Eye League.

Since when can anyone stand on the top wing of a Bellanca? It just ain't done. In the first place, there are no supports at all; in the second place, the plane had to travel at least seventy miles per hour in order to keep up with the Fokker. If the story keeps up the way it is going, I'm afraid Casey Jones is going to get a lot of razzing from those who read Beach's yarn.

In conclusion, the members of this field would like to have Beach visit this airport, so we can find out what kind of airplanes he is talking about. Tell him to pick out a hero who can stand on the bottom wing of a Lockheed Vega the next time.

Yours with a prayer—*Only a Pilot.*

On the Painless Payment of the Bonus Billions

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Your editorial, "Pay Two Billion Bonus to the Soldiers Without Cost to the Government," was certainly full of wise humanitarianism.

It is the most sensible thing we have read in Liberty in many years. If this kind of a policy had been adopted by our government it would have prevented the shameful action of our soldiers, with their tanks, sabers, and tear gas, against a handful of poor war veterans and their wives and children, who, in fact, made up a band of beggars—made so by service to our government.

Write again along the same lines, and more power to you!—*Morganthall Rush.*

MIAMI, FLA.—Oh, oh, oh! The razzing you are going to get from that bonus scrip business!—or I miss my guess. I lack considerable of being an economic or government expert, but, if what they taught me at school actually works, your plan would not.—*E. B. C.*

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—I have just read Liberty's editorial approving the scheme of one of your correspondents to have the government issue scrip in payment of the soldiers' bonus.

As I understand the scheme the scrip would be a promise of the government to redeem it at any time that the equivalent of its face value, in stamps, had been affixed to the back of the note, but there would be no obligation on the part of the government to redeem under any other circumstances.

This being the case, the scrip as received by the veterans would have no intrinsic value.

After it had once changed hands its intrinsic value would be that of the stamp on the back and no more. A man accepting it would have to take his chances of disposing of it.

He would actually be furnishing merchandise on credit and under obligation to add to that credit the amount of stamps he had to purchase. The only guaranty that the government could possibly give, aside from the value of the stamps, would be a promise to redeem the scrip at par in 1945—at which time the compensation is payable.

When cities have issued scrip because of shortage of funds the holders of the scrip have usually had to sell it at a very considerable discount even though the scrip was a definite obligation of the city and a promise to pay within a comparatively short time.

I cannot conceive that scrip due thirteen years hence would be looked upon as very desirable currency by anyone.—*H. W. Adams, Jr., Mayor.*

DALLAS, TEX.—The suggestion made editorially, in Liberty, as to a method of paying the soldiers' bonus is about as clever a thing as has been published in the history of modern economics.

Your suggestion is nothing more or less than the solution of public debt problems through the medium of a gross sales tax.

There is no reason why municipal, state, and national taxation cannot be readily handled under the idea you offer.—*Francis de Sales Kershaw.*

One Vote for Roosevelt

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—In reading Franklin D. Roosevelt's many articles in Liberty one can't help but regret having to wait till November to cast one's vote for him.

And then another long wait before he takes the wheel and steers us out of the rut Mr. Hoover got us into.

He certainly impresses one as having the three principal qualifications which make a good President:

1. He served as governor of a state to the satisfaction of the people of his state. 2. He is a good business man. 3. He is a good statesman.

All his talks lack those generalities expressed by Hoover, the engineer, and oil and mining promoter. The people have only themselves to blame, since Hoover did just what the average promotor would do if made President.—*Henry A. Kober.*

Wouldn't You Call This an Unfavorable Letter, or Wouldn't You?

FRESNO, CALIF.—As a regular reader since Liberty's first copy and a contestant since the first limericks and the Presidents Game, I've some caustic remarks to make.

John J. Boyd

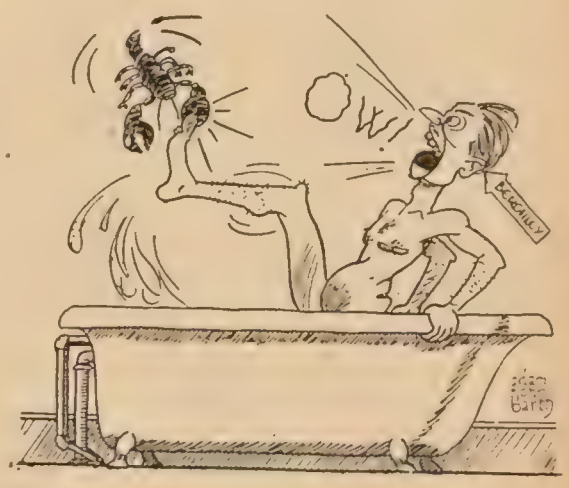
In order to win in your contests I'd have to make a profession of it. You no longer publish, in Vox Pop, letters unfavorable to you. You have become Roosevelt's press agent. You've stopped those interesting covers. You've stopped printing an occasional artistic article.

It is to your credit, however, that your magazine once more appeals to men.

Your editorials and feature articles are the best things you give us.—*John J. Boyd.*

In a Pinch, Yes

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For crying out loud! I always thought bathtubs were places to soap yourself and wash yourself in. And now Robert Benchley comes along in his wild-eyed article, "Imagination in the Bathroom," and



tells us he uses bathtubs to read books in and sing Old Man River in!

It's time something was done about this man Benchley. As a start, I'm going to slip a big lobster—one that likes to use its claws—in Bob's bathtub the next time he's deep in a warm bath and in a book. Wow! I'll bet the lobster wins.—*Just Archibald.*

Pop

A Few Damns Shot to Pieces by Praise

STILLMAN VALLEY, ILL.—Every week since Ed Halyburton's "Shoot and Be Damned!" first appeared in your magazine I've been entertaining my landlord's blind horse. I perch on the manger and proceed to find out how long

it takes "horse sense" to determine what constitutes a lie.

After reading exactly three (3) minutes, the poor horse is so convulsed with anger, hysterics, spavin, and hydrophobia, I have to stop reading and practice my knowledge of nursing to save the poor dear from certain death.

A few more such occasions and I'll have to buy the landlord a new hoss.

Come on, Eddie, let's have the truth for at least one installment. I'm only a female, but I can't believe you can outlie me. So there!—*Mrs. C. J.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I notice so many Vox Poppers complaining about the story, "Shoot and Be Damned!" but the first of these letters to get under my skin was that by Messrs. Richter and Kesseler of New York. If it is a fact (as they put it) that the friendship between the U. S. A. and Germany has become more intimate from one year to the other, how can any broad-minded person raise such a howl over the best story Liberty ever published?

Emile Theodore

One thing it does bring to light, and that is the German officers had their good points as well as their bad ones.

I have some friends of German descent who read Liberty, and Ed Halyburton's literary effort is just another good story to them. If Ed has any more stories to compare with the one in question, I hope he rushes them to Liberty for publication, and I feel sure he will not lose many friends.—*Emile Theodore.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After reading "Shoot and Be Damned!" I think that Sergeant Halyburton could have won the war in a much shorter time had the rest of the American army not been in his way.—*Martin S. Quinn.*

DETROIT, MICH.—It seems that some of the Vox Pop scribes doubt Sergeant Ed Halyburton's story, "Shoot and Be Damned!"

I spent the last couple of months of the war as a prisoner at Rastatt, under Halyburton's command. I want to say that I can testify as to the truth of the installments dealing with Rastatt.

A very good friend of mine, Hoyt Decker, was captured with Halyburton and he claims that the sergeant has *not* exaggerated his experiences.—*Walter R. Trueblood.*

Our Traffic Regulation Idea Is Given the Red Light and—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I have just finished reading your editorial captioned, "The Traffic-Regulating Mania," and find therein a definite case made out for motorists in a hurry.

Did it never occur to the writer of this editorial that street lights were devised and adopted more for the safety of pedestrians than for the accommodation of car owners?

Giving the latter the privilege to "turn right on red" issues warning to undertakers to stock up in anticipation of a rush in their line of business.—*J. W. Heirs.*

—the Green

CONNEAUT, OHIO — Your editorial, "The Traffic-Regulating Mania," was very good, and I, too, hope that some day we can travel from coast to coast and find the same traffic signals everywhere we go.

I have driven a car in many states, and some of the traffic regulations are very disgusting, and some are really not necessary. Here are some of them: Traffic light to protect school children only, but operated the entire year. Two-minute red lights, as in New Orleans. Many cities do not time their lights with speed restrictions and one must stop at each light. Some have only red and green while others have three colors.

I hope you will keep up the crusade for better traffic regulations. No one knows more than I do how much we need them.—*M. F. Allen.*

Well, Wouldn't You?

OREGON CITY, ORE.—Some of these Vox Poppers make me sick. I believe they would kick if they were in swimming.—*R. F. Stroup.*

We Won't

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Discontinue all this back-to-the-land talk in Vox Pop!

The people you hear bragging about making a living on a farm usually have their taxes paid for them, their seed bought for them, their farm implements loaned to them, and no payments coming due. Why shouldn't these people brag? All to gain—nothing to lose.—*Dick.*

We Will

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Keep right on hitting the back-to-the-farm nail right on the head, Mr. Editor! Most people who know how to use their brains are swinging into line with you on this idea.—*F. Stephenson.*

Say, You're Either Rich or Will Be

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Once upon a time a college professor said to me: "The last thing a man can do on his deathbed, when he doesn't know anything else—is to criticize."

Martin H. Herlick

So what a mere thimbleful of brains it must take to knock.

Now, here's a great idea. I'm used to telling people things, having been a flatfoot and Sherlock for ten years. So why not add a third page to your Vox Pop section, every week? This third page would be headed: Criticizing the Critics, or Knocking the Knockers.

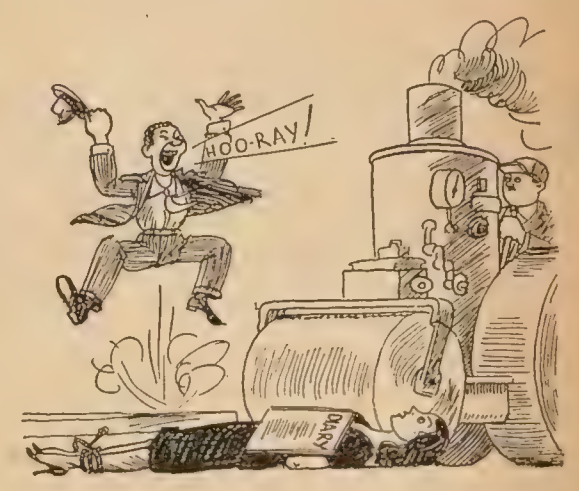
You see, they'd hit Liberty—and I'd hit them.

If you want to, you can pay me a big salary for running this special page.—*Martin H. Herlick.*

If There's Anything in the World You Like, Write Us About It

YUMA, COLO.—Wouldn't it be quite painless to have something big and heavy run over Diana and her diary?

Have Bert Green arrange this soon. If he refuses, have him shipwrecked on a South Sea island with his own Diana



—just the two of 'em. I think this will be punishment enough, but if not, make him look at the pictures Fred Smith gives four stars to. If he is still obstinate after this torment make him listen to Bob Benchley's jokes until he yells "Nuff!"—*A Man Whose Initials Are B. C.*

The Unromantics

The Story of a Girl Who Saved Her Face but Lost Her Heart

By

AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

(Reading time: 20 minutes 31 seconds.)

MARCIA'S yellow flame pyjamas swished across the floor in a cool song of silk. She tugged open the great oaken portal, and almost immediately was smothered in the bear-hug grip of a tanned young giant in tweeds.

"Bill—please!" she cried, dangling helplessly.

But the giant only lifted her higher. "Mammy!" he shouted in a Jolson bellow. "This is what I call true love! When I arrive, you run to open the door with your own little hands!"

She made a saucy grimace. "Don't get cocky, young fella, my lad! If I didn't open it myself, you wouldn't get in. We had to let Alex go."

"Not good old Alex?"

"Yes, and Travis and Marie and cook, too."

"Bad as that?"

"Seems to be."

"Everything gone?"

"Nickels and all," she smiled twistedly. "Dad hung on until United Rails went under, but that sunk us."

"Don't I know—" groaned Bill. "That's what got my Iron Duke, too. United Rails. After seventeen years without passing a dividend. Darn' inconsiderate, I'd say."

"Disgusting!" she agreed. "Honest, I'm about scared stiff. I can feel the wolf's hot breath on the back of my neck, and I dream, nights, of standing barefooted in the blizzard, holding out my tambourine to heartless passers-by." She tried a grin.

"Poor brat!" Bill said gently. His arm encircled her cool shininess as they swung into the formal reception room, and she tossed her small burnished head back on his shoulder—a little sad and a little frightened suddenly at the thought of what she had to tell him. Only, for a while yet she wouldn't tell him; she wanted to be cuddled some more first.

"Ummmmmm!" she murmured. "I love to be pitied, Billy. Why haven't you barged around sooner so we could console each other?"

"Been haunting everybody I know for a job," he said.

"Any luck?"

"Plenty! All bad." He drew her down into a deep overstuffed divan. "How are the parents taking it, anyway?"

Marcia sighed. "They're acting like characters in a Mauve Decade drama. Poor old dad just needs an inviting look to make him strike a Walter Hampden pose and declaim, 'Fear not, my loved ones! Heaven will protect us in our hour of need!'

"And maybe heaven will, but it's better not to count on it too much. They say we mustn't let poverty interfere with our plans."

"Funny, my dad pulled the same line. Just last night he was telling me about how mother used to darn his socks and get up to cook him breakfast."

"Can you imagine me with a frying pan in one hand and a pair of socks in the other? Dad said the happiest time of his life was when mums and he were starting out together. What muck! They're just incurably romantic," she scoffed. "Dad even used to write poems about mother's skin, saying it was soft as the under side of a rose petal."

"Was it anything like yours?" he drew her close. "Mmmmmm—"

"Just da unda side of da rose petal," sang Marcia mockingly.

"And here's da big bumblebee," he crooned, "lookin' for da rosebud!"

"Brrrrrrrr—" she shivered. "But that's enough."

"Not half enough. Hey! Where you going?" He reached for her, but she slipped away and curled in a ball on a distant chair.

From a red-lacquer Chinese box she selected a cigarette, tamped it, and drew a light from the fire-flashing helmet of a miniature knight in armor. "We can't do that any more, Billy," she said solemnly.

"Can't do what?"

"That," she explained. "We've got to be firm."

"I don't get you, lady," he said, puzzled. "Firm about what?"

"Us," she answered, avoiding his eyes. "I know it's a shame, just when we were all set to haul off and get married. And mums and I had the grandest wedding all planned. Poiret nude satin with all the bridesmaids in off blue—"

Harshly his voice cut in: "Wait a sec, Marsh! You mean you're ditching me?"

"Something like that—" It wasn't what she wanted to say at all. "I can't marry you. You see—"

"No, I don't see!" he flared. "Unless you've fallen for somebody else—"

"But I haven't."

"Oh, no? There's nobody else, but you're just tired of me, is that it? The Chadwick charm is beginning to pall—"

"Don't be sarcastic. Can't you see, the family's so broke—we haven't any money at all any more, and dad says he doesn't know where we're going to get any—"

Bill smiled expansive relief. "Golly! I thought it was something serious. Don't worry, little girl," he said grandly. "I'm not going to throw you down because you're no longer an heiress. No! Don't go down on your knees and thank me. Tut-tut! The sacrifice is nothing—"

But she refused to laugh. "I'm serious, Bill. How can we get married when we're all broke—"

Agnes Christine Johnston has had wide experience writing for the moving pictures, starting in 1915 with Vitagraph and subsequently with Thanhauser, Pathé, Mary Pickford, Ince, Paramount, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is married and lives in California and New York.

Picture by
DELOS PALMER

"MISS me just a little, Bill?" He hadn't even been listening. "Uh? Why, sure! Night and day."

"Easy! I know a minister who'll charge it. Glad to. Friend of the family. And we'll make everybody bring their own liquor. It'll be a beautiful brawl, honey. We can do it right away—won't have to waste a lot of time buying the fixings."

"And afterward?" she challenged.

"Why, we'll go to my ancestral mansion. Or here. You have plenty of rooms and all we need is one."

"Until the sheriff puts us out. And then," she mocked, "we'll live on love in a garret." She had hold of herself now, or nearly. She laughed. "Don't be old-fashioned, Great Heart. People only do that in magazines nowadays. When the young rich get poor they dash on the lipstick and snag somebody with lots of the filthy."

HE looked at her sternly. "Marry for money?"

"Why not?" she came back defiantly. "Knighthood stopped flowering centuries ago. The romantic age curled up and died with the passing of the mustache cup. Blink your eyes, boy; this is 1932! We're supposed to be intellectuals with enough smattering of sophistication to curb the biological yen. Just because I happened to fall for your curly hair and nice brown eyes—they are nice brown eyes, you know—is no reason why I should marry you and live unhappily forever after."

"Keep on!" glared William K. Chadwick, Jr.

"All right, I will. And you needn't hiss at me that way, either. When we fell in love," she continued calmly, "we both had money—everything. Now we haven't a bean. If you'll stop thinking in terms of Godey prints, you'll agree with me that where our parents would have taken this thing lying down, today we've got the intelligence to do something about it."

"And now a brief pause for station announcements," Bill cracked darkly.

"Be still! In a crisis like this the only thing we can do is to utilize what talents we have—our social background—and pick a niche where we'll fit."

"You mean," he snapped, "pick some doddering old sugar papa?"

Leisurely she dabbed her mouth with the magenta pencil. "There are some," she said sweetly, "who do not dodder. Once you cool off you'll agree with me, Billy. And go and do likewise. Grab yourself an heiress—"

"Yeah, I know. One of those long, leggy puds who'll stare into my eyes and ask if I like to walk in the rain."

"All rich wives aren't long, leggy puds."

"The ones who marry poor husbands are," he retorted.

"You wouldn't have to walk very far in the rain with her. And she'd pay your club bills and the upkeep on your polo ponies and permit you to live in the style you're accustomed to. Love in a garret is all very romantic, but—"

"But not for yours, eh?" he said harshly. "You're going out and pick a million dollars off the tree of love."

"Perhaps two million," she murmured blithely, replacing the lipstick in her billowy flame pyjamas. "And, what's more, I've selected the tree."

"Fruit or nut?"

"You'll see. Wait around. He's due here any minute now."

"Who?"

"Ronny Stafford."

"That ancient collar ad!"

"He's nothing of the sort. Ronny is only thirty-six—"

"I'll knock his block off!"

"You'll sit there and take tea and try to remember you're Princeton—"

"No, I won't! Look here, Marcia, I'm no dirty snob. I've known lots of men who've come up without any background, and nobody's quicker than I am to hand it to them. There's Bob Chappell and young Hovey and Ed Hutton. Swell lads. But Ronny Stafford—he's got all the crookedness that enabled his father to accumulate half the money in the world, but none of the strength."

"When you're rich you don't need strength."

"He's yellow, Marsh. I know. I've played polo with him."

"I'm sorry, Bill, but you're speaking of my future fiancé."

"You're set on that?"

Her blue eyes took on a steely hardness. "I'm set."

Bill's six feet two lumbered up from the depths of the divan.

"Well, then," he said mildly, "there's just one thing I can do about it."

CASUALLY he sauntered over to her, bent down, and took the small yellow flame into his arms and pressed upon the soft magenta lips such a kiss as he had never achieved before. Timeless, eternal. . . . Then presently he thrust her from him and looked thoughtfully down into the flushed, bewildered face.

"J-just what's the idea?" she said unsteadily. Almost a whimper.

"A little something to remember me by," he answered coolly, and turning to the Louis Quinze wall mirror he wiped the lipstick off on his big white handkerchief. "Just putting the period on our engagement—and our argument. Because I'm sold, beautiful. You're absolutely right. I'm going out and do likewise. I'm going to sandbag me one of those long, leggy puds who'll sigh and ask me if I like to walk in the rain. She'll probably be horribly romantic, but she'll be rich, so help me!"

All afternoon, while Ronny rambled on amusingly about a grouse hunt in Scotland, she kept thinking of that kiss and the way Bill stalked out of the door—shoulders planed, back stiff as a ramrod, the light of battle bright in his eyes.

She had seen him look that way just once before—when they were kids together and she dared him to ride his bicycle down the long white steps of the Scaifes' Colonial summer home in Westbury. It still made her shudder: that awful memory of Bill jumping astride the saddle seat, pushing off—bumpety-bump! bump! bump! faster and faster. Then the crash, and Bill twisting a painful grin up at her with his mouth streaming scarlet from a gash that was to leave a tiny triangular scar in the corner of his lips. A scar you didn't notice unless he became angry or emotional. The scar that had been livid when he kissed her today.

"Oh, it must be marvelous, Ronny!" she cried brightly. "I'd so love to go!"

"It's the best sport in the world—" He was off again, beating the Scottish moors for grouse. Or is it heather you beat?

HE took her that night to a smoky, shouting high-hat black-and-tan night club in Harlem—the Prey Cat. Champagne twenty dollars a bottle. Hot rhythm. Ronny's bright chatter, in a secluded corner where the half light touched off her fresh loveliness. And after that, the week-end at The Willows, near Greenwich, was heavenly. Ronny's parents made her feel like a princess. They were really dears. And it was so nice to have all the servants you needed again.

She made up her mind that she adored Ronny. He was a man of the world. The way he talked about Dieppe, Morocco, St.-Jean-de-Luz Oberstdorf—intimately, wittily. After listening to him (and he had a trick of bringing you into the narrative, so that it seemed a conversation) she realized she had seen nothing in her year abroad.

Followed three weeks with Ronny in constant attendance. Whirlwind weeks; gay, heady, delightful. She cried herself to sleep only once—after she had been throwing out some old letters Billy had written her from Princeton. There hadn't been a sign of him, and she felt she was forgetting him completely, until Ronny said, casually, while they lunched at the Savoy, "Understand your ex-playmate is tagging around with Dolly Devney now."

"More power to him!" she laughed lightly.

She saw him at Ben Hughey's penthouse, where they dropped in for cocktails the next afternoon. She was dancing with Ronny when Bill and Dolly appeared—Dolly in one of those rhinestone-studded gowns, jet black and cut away to show everything. Dazzling and daring.

Darn' near wanton!

Eventually Bill pounded up and tapped Ronny. "Cut?" he said, and she was in his arms. "Well," he asked cheerfully, "how's the gold digger?"

"Grand, mister! How's the gigolo?"

"Gigging on all sixteen," he breezed.

"Don't blame you. She's rich as Crœsus. But she isn't any long and leggy, though, like you said you were going to get."

"Don't tell me you're jealous."

"Green all over," she laughed. "How's your poverty getting along?"

"Pretty sour, thanks. But I've got a job. Chalkboard scribbler at Dayton Howe's, Inc. One fifty a month."

"Fine! Another year and you'll be able to pay for your own cigarettes," she said. Then her vanity prompted, "Miss me just a little, Bill?"

"Uh?" he asked, startled. He hadn't even been listening to her, the brute!

"Nothing important," she said frostily. "I was just wondering if you ever thought about me any more. Let it pass."

"Oh! Why, sure! Night and day. Anybody can see I'm lugging around a broken heart."

But it didn't look at all as though he was lugging around a broken heart a minute later when, with a proprietary gesture, Dolly Devney claimed him in exchange for Ronny. Bill's cheek, she saw, was almost touching Dolly's and he was laughing idiotically at something she was saying. The big yap! Yes, and the Devney woman's gown, she decided, *was* wanton.

"Pretty dull party, don't you think, Ronny?" she said. "Let's trickle out, shall we?"

"How about a drive up the Hudson for dinner?"

"You always think of the perfect thing, Ronny," she said softly and gave him a perfect knockout of a smile—the one she used to work on Bill when he was stubborn about letting her have her own way.

On the way home, rolling along the Palisades with the red and green and white lights of river craft twinkling on the dark waters far below, Ronny's lips moved against her hair. "I guess we understand each other, Marcia. When do we announce it?"

Panic smothered her heart. She stalled. "Announce what, Ronny?"

"Our engagement, silly. What did you think I meant?"

"I—I don't know. I was watching the lights on the river."

"Well?"

"I'm just an old-fashioned girl, Ronny," she teased. "I'll have to ask mums and dad first." She was unaccountably terrified now that the moment which she had foreseen for days had arrived.

"Now listen, Marcia—"

"I'll let you know tomorrow, Ronny."

THE filmy voile undies with *café au lait* inserts went in next. Those and the Vionnet robe to match she had bought in Paris—when the trousseau was for Bill. What else? She pursed lips, wrinkled brow thoughtfully. Oh, yes! Toothbrush, vanishing cream, and eye shadow. And her last remaining pairs of net hose, symbolic of halcyon days gone by. And she'd need an extra bonnet, too, in case it rained; for the skies had been swarming with black swollen ragbags when she came in for dinner.

Stepping into the bathroom, she opened the glazed window—banged it quickly as a wet smacking gust howled in. Lordy! What a night to elope in! Oh, well—

Back in her bedroom poor mums continued to make heavy moan.

"Marcia, my darling child! You can't go through with this! Ever since you and Billy Chadwick were children we've planned you would marry each other—"

"Romantic nonsense," said Marcia. "And, besides, he's been chasing around with that awful Dolly Devney for weeks now. I wouldn't marry him on a bet. I loathe him!"

Yes, she hated him—hated him savagely for turning to the first pair of warm eyes that came along.

"But, Marcia!" her mother again. "You don't even love Ronny Stafford. You're marrying him for his money."

Marcia blazed at that. "What if I am? Is it my fault? Raised in the lap of luxury, I'm utterly unfit for life in the sink of poverty."

"You and Billy could manage—"

"I know. In a dumpy apartment. Hoarding our pennies in a sugar bowl. No, thanks, not for mine."

"Your father was not always wealthy."

"No, and you've told me a dozen times about the two dreadful years you had until your family relented and forgave all."

"I learned to cook for him—"

"Poor dad!" Marcia flipped. "That explains his chronic dyspepsia."

But she was instantly contrite at the fresh torrent of tears which greeted this sally; longed to comfort her mother; but to comfort her meant weakening. Tucking on her rain hat, she snapped the lock of her suitcase.

MRS. SCAIFE looked up, red-eyed, mournfully accusing. "You're really going?"

"It's too late to back out now, mums. Ronny's due any minute. You won't receive him, so the only thing we can do is elope."

Mrs. Scaife straightened up, biting her lip. "I would not receive him," she said, "if we were living in the poorhouse!" and fell to weeping harder than ever.

Marcia said softly, "Poor mums! You're so terribly old-fashioned." Bending, she kissed an unrelenting cheek; then, as faintly in the nether reaches of the house a bell rang, she hurried below.

Her father was closing the front door; in his hands he held a late evening edition of a tabloid, and he was staring at it with a deep frown.

"It wasn't Ronny?" Marcia asked.

"No—a messenger boy. He handed me this. Look!"

She caught the headline: "Young Clubman, Scion of Old Family, to Wed Rich Divorcee!" and saw, garnished by cupid dumplings and interlaced with arrows and dollar signs, the photos of Billy and Dolly Devney: Bill sweet, clean-looking, adorable; Dolly dark-eyed, smirking possessively, hateful, hateful, hateful!

The doorbell jangled again. She choked back a sob. "It's Ronny, dad! Don't let him in for a minute. Then tell him I've gone. Gone to—to—Africa!"

As she fled to the rear she heard her father's voice calling, "I know. And—good hunting, girl!"

She shivered on a corner until an asphalt baron swooped out of the downpour and flung open the door. "Just—drive around," she ordered. "I've—misplaced the address in my pocketbook."

"Sure!" the cabby grinned.

Slanting silver pencils of rain limned the trees in the park, drummed against the taxi roof. The cab

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skidded, lurched perilously, went on. Perhaps it would crash. Perhaps she would die. She wanted to die. Or, no, not yet; first she wanted to hurt Billy. To call him a fool; a weak, miserable, damn'—yes, damn' fool! Falling for a horrid pud like Dolly. Oh! Oh! Oh! She hated him!

"Oh, Billy!" she sobbed in utter misery.

She couldn't let him do it. She wouldn't! Thoughts, schemes, raced through her brain—futile, like wings beating in a vacuum. It was too late now—too late.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Time, the escaping minutes of indecision, beat on her mind—almost audibly. Or was she going mad? No, it was the taximeter. Of course! She laughed shakily, broke off abruptly to stare in frightened wonderment at the illuminated toll figures: $2.65!

Hastily she searched the contents of her purse. Total: $2.75. The meter clock jumped a nickel. "Stop—please stop, right here!" she commanded.

The car slewed to a halt, and the cabby, eying her puzzledly, brought the flag down. "You sure this is where you wanna get off, lady? It ain't a very good street—"

"Yes—quite sure!" She paid him all but the last nickel, and fled.

The rain pelted her, soaking her to the skin before she reached the nearest subway station. She got off at Astor Place, forgetting that Bleecker Street was closer to his apartment, and had to tramp eight blocks in the chill driving rain through Washington Square. He was not in, and the landlady sniffed.

"I'll wait," Marcia announced.

"Well, I dunno—"

"I'll wait!"

The landlady recoiled, her morale shaken by the stubborn jut of the girl's chin and the fierce, unflinching light in her eyes. Marcia trudged up three flights in the wake of floundering hips.

She lit the gas log and, warming her sodden skirt and legs against the feeble flames, appraised the room for disorder. But, surprisingly, there was nothing out of place—nothing, that is, except for a heavy silver-framed photograph of a dark-eyed hussy. Marcia made a bee line, and she gloated a little at the crash of glass splintering on wastebasket edge.

"There!" she said aloud. "That'll teach you—"

"Well?"

She whirled to face him, "Billy!"

"Just what is the big idea?"

She thought she saw the faintest inkling of a grin in one corner of his mouth, but he was scowling pretty ferociously, too. She wanted to smile impishly, the way she always did when she wanted him to be nice to her, so instead she began to cry.

"OH, Billy, darling! You can't marry Dolly Devney, you can't!"

"Why can't I?"

"I don't know. I suppose it's because I love you so terribly and want you myself—"

"You mean—you want to marry me?" he asked slowly.

"Yes!" she wailed.

"And live in this awful hole—three flights up?" he demanded.

She nodded; he was a brute not to kiss her.

"But," he argued, "you'd have to cook and darn socks and—"

"I don't care. If I can get you away from Dolly Devney. I'm going to, Billy, even if you are engaged to her—in the paper. How could you let it get into the paper, Billy? I hate you!"

"You can't love and hate me both."

"But that thing in the paper—"

Bill smiled—a scared sort of smile. "It was my last chance," he confessed. "When I heard you were eloping with that twirp, Ronny, I fixed it up with Dolly and a reporter I know. She was perfectly swell about it."

"She'd better have b-been," Marcia sobbed, "because I was going to p-pull her hair right out!"

Still he held her off. "You realize, of course, we're being perfect fools—just like our parents and grandparents," he warned.

"The difference is," Marcia said quite solemnly, "we know what we're letting ourselves in for. We're not being silly and romantic about it."

"Just so," agreed Bill, and would have smiled, but his lips were otherwise occupied.

THE END.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

That Cinched It

The cake's frosting had been ruined by little fingers. Betty and her two small cousins denied guilt.

Finally Eloise, a few years older, said: "Anyway, God knows. He saw it."

"He did not," said Betty promptly. "I shut the door."—Mrs. W. J. Bell, Casselton, N. D.

Out of Luck

John, eight, had been trying to get out of doing some chores ordered by his father. He was given permission to phone his daddy about the matter. Returning to his mother a few minutes later, he said: "Gee, mother, you sure were dumb when you married dad."—Mrs. J. J. Groebli, 1823 Grismer Avenue, Burbank, Calif.

"SAFETY SECOND"

Picture by
ADAM JOHN BARTH

"Why is it I seem to be unable to lift a piece of asparagus to my mouth without poking it in my eye?"

By
ROBERT BENCHLEY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 3 seconds.)

IF you are one of those people who are constantly getting hurt, falling down or up, crashing into railway trains, or tumbling out of people's houses, you have probably wondered why it is. You have probably asked yourself, as soon as you could talk, "Why is it I seem to be unable to lift a piece of asparagus to my mouth without poking it in my eye, or button my clothes without catching my finger in the buttonhole and tearing the ligament to shreds?"

As it is the insurance companies who really care (the hell with your wrenched ligaments—it costs them money), they have put some of their best minds to work on the subject, and a great big report, all bound in red crocodile (red with embarrassment), has been submitted by the Premium Defaulters' Service Bureau, showing that certain people get hurt oftener than certain others.

Of course it is not fair to include in this analysis those hearty guys who go around slapping people on sunburned necks or pushing them off rafts. They are going to get hurt anyway. There is nothing that insurance companies can do for them except kill them before they start out in the morning. I killed seven this year, and am looking forward to a bumper crop next summer. What we are after is the reason why certain people get hurt *in spite of themselves.* Are you one? Are you two?

Take, for example, the safety devices which were placed on certain machines when the "Safety First" campaigns were started way back in 1912. Some of them have never been used since, in spite of the pretty posters. Some of them have been used, but simply to hang jumpers on while the men were changing their clothes. But the cases with which the insurance men have the most trouble are those in which workers get hurt *on the safety devices.* This type of injury calls for special attention. There was one man in a paper mill in Massachusetts who was tending a so-called "beater," in which the pulp is taken and thrashed around until it looks something awful. (On Saturdays some of the workers used to bring their wives up for a little going-over, just to save themselves the trouble that night.) A worker whom we will call Cassidy, because his name was Cassidy, had been tending "beater" for thirty-three years and had never had an accident. The safety device was put on, under the auspices of the State Insurance and Fidelity League, and, the very first day, Cassidy got flustered and dropped one leg of his trousers in the safety device, with the result that he was caught up in the machine and swashed around until all they had to do was to dry him out and they could have printed the Sunday Times on him. In fact, that is just what they did do, and it was one of the best editions of the Sunday Times that ever was run off the presses. It had human interest.

But the case of Cassidy is still not what we are after in this survey. Cassidy's injury was a special event in Cassidy's life, and there are some workers to whom injury is just an item in the day's work, like lighting a pipe. They get cut, go and have it bandaged, get cut again, go and have it bandaged, get cut again, and by that time it is five thirty. On their days off they get cut on the edge of their newspaper. There was one man, for instance, who had been tending a saw for ten years and who got splinters in his eye regularly five times a week. There was some suspicion that he held his eye out and put it *on* the splinters as they flew off the saw, but he always denied this. Then the Safety First Committee bought goggles for the men, and the very first day he got them caught in his eye and had to have the whole thing readjusted at the drug store (for which the druggist charged nothing).

He collected under the head of "Occupational Disease," but the insurance company was pretty sore and got him a job in a bank. Within a week he had what is known as "eye penny," caused by flying particles of pennies being caught under the lid, resulting in great pain.

Let us say that you start to cross a street. You are trying to look up a word in the dictionary, or are worrying about how you are going to explain to your wife that you haven't got the week's pay envelope. You are obviously in no condition to be crossing a street, but, as everyone can't live on the same side of any one street, you sometimes have to. The traffic lights are against you, but so is everything else in this world, so what difference can one little traffic light make? The next thing you know you are halfway into the cylinder head of a motor and someone is saying: "Look in his pockets and see if he has an address book there." This rather makes you stop short and give pause. Why should *you* have been hit in preference to the three dozen other people who were crossing the street against the lights?

The insurance company report says that it is because you were (1) daydreaming; (2) worried over something; (3) just a plain damn' fool. The daydreaming part is something that can't very well be regulated. Stop daydreaming, and you stop Keats and Shelley (although Keats and Shelley stopped themselves pretty successfully, without outside interference). Being just a plain damn' fool is another complaint over which modern medicine seems to have no control. Look at the stock market (or, rather, let's not look. There is trouble enough in the world as it is). But when investigators come right out and say that one of the big causes of accidents is the fact that people are worried, then a solution presents itself with startling clarity. Keep people from being worried.

This would be my scheme: In the center of each town or city have a big pile of money, preferably in one- and five-dollar bills (it is so hard to get larger denominations changed). Whenever anyone feels a worry coming on, let him walk up to this pile, say "Hello, Joe!" to the keeper, take whatever he needs, and go on home. In this way accidents resulting from worry could be reduced 80 per cent. I don't suppose the thing could ever be put into practice, however, as in most towns and cities the central square is so full of parked automobiles there wouldn't be any place for a pile of loose money.

Further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

End of Act One

A Short Short Story

By

JANE CASSIDY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

A SHARP wind came down off the mountain and sent the tall-sailed fishing boats scurrying, apricot and orange-yellow, across the blue lake. The wind had just blown across snow fields, and although the sun was quite warm the girl on the sheltered end of the balcony shivered when she heard the wind. But the man did not seem to notice it. He was talking.

"So it's all over," he said. "The last pot of this delightful Italian coffee; the last roll, which with your kind permission I shall now eat. Soon the last kiss, and you will go to your husband and I to dwell among my tribesmen. Curtain. The play is ended."

"But the melody lingers on," she said.

"Rita!" he exclaimed. "Is it going to mean something?"

"For goodness' sake, no!" She laughed shakily. "What else could I say? You wouldn't expect anything original of me, would you, after all these years?"

"No, I suppose not. We aren't the original kind. Even this—episode—hasn't been out of the ordinary, I suppose. Chance meeting of acquaintances at end of earth—happy recognition—lonely gent—lady temporarily ditched by husband—modern attitude toward morals—where's the originality there? Even when we met the other night—do you remember? And you said, 'Fahncy running into you here,' and I said, 'Well, it's a small old world, after all.' Now wasn't that a model of witty repartee?" He looked at her in mock reproach before he reached for his cup. "Damn it, the coffee's cold," he said.

"Look here, Paul," said Rita. "I'd like to talk a bit now. Let's go inside where the wind doesn't blow so much, and you can ring for another cup of coffee.

"No, don't kiss me," she said when they were in the room. "You sit by the table, so you can set your coffee on it, and I'll stay here. It's hard to talk. Paul, I've been a fool, an awful fool. I knew it anyway, and was trying not to think about it, and then something you said about the modern attitude toward morals— And then, too, I thought maybe you thought that this—this affair would go on later. Do you object to the word 'affair,' Paul?"

"Rita!" he protested. "Don't feel so badly, Rita! I didn't mean to be nasty. I'm sorry."

"I know it," she admitted. "If I had my sense of humor I'd l-l-laugh," she said, bursting into tears. "You're really awfully nice, and here's your fresh coffee. Anyway, it wasn't that that bothered me. I know I'm not original anyway, and I haven't any modern attitude toward morals and I love Roger and I'm just as scared as anything somebody will find out about this!"

"Would Roger be—difficult?" he asked.

"He wouldn't divorce me. Roger's too big for that. But he wouldn't understand. He's too big for that, too. He could understand a real passion, but not this sort of thing. He couldn't see why, because I was cross at him for going into Russia without me, and was lonely and homesick, and you came along and talked the same patter we all used to, and sympathized, and we had some wine, and the wind was blowing, and I wanted to be sophisticated—well, it would just poison our life if he found out, that's all."

"Well, he won't find out," Paul assured her. "By the time I come back next year you will almost have forgotten, and I'll not trouble you. No aftermath, no second act. You needn't worry, word of honor!"

"And we mustn't let *anyone* find out," she urged anxiously. "Nobody! Suppose someone like Patty Donovan should hear about it. Or Clem Jones, or any of them."

"No danger," he said. "The secret in affairs like this, my dear, is to have no secrets. Tell everything. Don't leave any blank spaces to speculate about. Keep in touch. Write home about the climate and the natives. Send postal cards. You don't have to say anything really—just satisfy their curiosity and they won't have any questions to ask when they see you. Eight months later, when I come home, nobody's going to pay any attention to my stopping among the Italian lakes, or remember that that was when you were at the lakes—unless you've kept too still and they think you need checking up on. You see?" He poured out the coffee. "Hell's bells, the stuff's lukewarm!"

Rita giggled. "That's life, as the saying goes. Drink it and put on your coat and clear out. I've got to pack. Me and the mail, we leave in two hours."

She felt almost sick as she packed. "But it will be all right tomorrow when I see Roger," she told herself. "Though keeping a secret will be awful!" What was it Paul had said—leave no gaps? There were some souvenir cards waiting to be packed; she kept a few out, and scribbled a few messages, silly generalities and jokes.

"They will assuredly go on this post, madame," said the porter, as if they were really important.

PAUL escorted her to the train. "I've been laying mines against the enemy," he said. "Post cards and such. Look here; I think you'd better mention seeing me, just casually. Cat might get let out of bag."

"Specially with two sets of cards on the same mail," said Rita. "I sent some, too."

"Fine! It's a swell system if you play it right. F'r instance. I sent our girl friend Patty Donovan, the animated megaphone, a nice picture of this hotel, with 'X marks my room—sleeping under blankets every night—wish you were here.' That's just a gag; doesn't tell her a thing, but puts her mind at rest; she thinks she knows all about me on September 17, 1931. See?" . . .

Then she was safe in the train on her way to Roger. Rita prayed. She prayed, "Dear God, let no one ever find out," in her shame, and passionately, "Dear God, make me more good. Worthy of Roger."

And then, thinking back over her cheapness, Rita was frozen to stillness. Paul had sent Patty Donovan a card with "X marks my room." Rita knew what the picture was—a glimpse of the lake, the hotel with their balcony, and two absurd false birds over the hill behind. Rita had sent a card like that in the same mail. She could see it now. She had sent it to Patty Donovan; and on it she had written, in cheap bravado: "X marks my room. Company better than room. Oh, boy!"

This train which was carrying her to Roger was bearing those two cards toward Patty Donovan. You couldn't stop them now. There was *nothing* you could do.

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

A Few Hints on HYPNOTISM

By

DR. SEUSS

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THE PERILS OF AMATEUR HYPNOSIS

"A STUDENT of Hypnotism by Mail," writes N. Boonst, "I was practicing last week on my wife Lolla in our garden. Lolla didn't succumb, but her Airedale and an innocent sparrow who were taking it in were hypnotized to the hilt. The poor beasts now think they're vice versa, and Lolla's gone home to her mother."

"This Image is no longer available"

THE SNAKE CHARMERS' DILEMMA

"THINGS here look pretty bad," writes Mahatma Goik, secretary of the Bombay Snake Charmers Guild. "After centuries of smooth sailing, our profession is now being ruined by a bunch of fanatics. With the S. P. C. A. putting ear muffs on local serpents, we flute tooters can't even get to first base."

"This Image is no longer available"

LABOR PROBLEMS AND THE HYPNOTISTS

"EVERY business has labor troubles," says Hernando, Vice Wizard of the Magicians Society. "But compared with ours they're a cinch. Our worst trouble makers are the *Noogi*—those girls we hypnotize to float through air. Ordinary concerns have their walkouts—but when our girls strike they stage a floatout, and it's just too embarrassing for words!"

A Human Hurricane—Forcing the Truth on Larue—Love in Reverse—Wally Spills All—Fast Hitting and Fast Thinking

BEYOND

By REX BEACH

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 24 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Casey Haddon's astounding courage. When Haddon was piloting Georges Larue's great plane, the Blue Bird, over Newfoundland, engine trouble developed. Larue, the co-pilot, and the Devereaux brothers, navigator and radio man, were parachuting earthward when Haddon discovered a stowaway: Cadence Drew, Larue's fiancée. He clasped her to him, and with one chute they descended to the earth below. When they reached St. John's, after days in the wilderness, Haddon knew that Cadence loved him—and suspected Larue of smuggling. The next day Larue burst into Haddon's hotel room.

PART EIGHT—SMASHED DREAMS

LARUE'S face was ablaze with eagerness. He rushed at the pilot and flung his arms around him. Georges was out of breath, for he had taken the stairs three steps at a stride. The elevators were too slow. They were slower than death, he gasped. He was on his way to Cadence, but he could not pass Casey's door without embracing him. Just a second, just a word! He'd be back later. Casey was well? No breaks or bruises? Thank God! The Devereaux boys were O. K. too.

Words spilled from Larue; he was incoherent; a lover's frenzy possessed him. He had no time to listen to Casey; he would not let him speak. Later! Later! There were a million things to talk about. Casey must wait here. While he gabbled on he shook the pilot, he pounded him, he hugged him; there were tears in his eyes, he laughed, he shouted, and then, as swiftly as he had come, he bolted out of the room and rushed headlong down the hall, loudly calling Cadence's name.

Casey felt as if a hurricane had passed over; he was sorry he had not locked the door and had it out with the fellow. But that would come. He wondered if he had better follow, lend his support to Cadence— No. Georges' excitement made it advisable for somebody to exercise restraint. Hard to tell what a crazy idiot in his frame of mind would do; but by this time he was cooling off, learning how the land lay.

Georges' friendliness, his exaggerated gratitude, was embarrassing; however, it was largely hysterical and the fellow's impetuosity would bring things to a head all the sooner. After all, he was no schoolboy, he wouldn't start a row. For that matter, what if he did?

Evidently it was taking him a while to let off steam, run down, for time passed. Haddon looked at his watch, the hands of which crawled with maddening slowness; he flung himself into first one chair and then another. Well, the longer Georges delayed, the less painful would be their interview. Too bad he had stormed in here so impulsively. He'd feel pretty awkward, pretty humiliated.

When Larue finally reappeared, however, he was not in the least crestfallen, he was anything but humiliated. Although he was in better control of himself than before, it was plain that he and Cadence had quite failed to arrive at an understanding, and he made it evident that he suspected no change whatever in her feelings toward him, for in a voice thick with emotion he thanked the pilot for his services to her, and complimented him in extravagant terms for his heroism.

"I can't talk about it yet, old man. I'm still ga-ga over seeing Cadence. Understand? I felt sure I'd utterly lost my mind when I learned she was on the ship, and—" His voice caught, a shiver ran over him. "It's bad enough to look back on that last half hour in the fog, losing altitude, not knowing where we were, without thinking of her! It's a nightmare. I wake up sometimes—"

"Didn't she tell you what happened?"

"Sure! Everything. But I want to hear it from you. I'm dying to— Hello!" The speaker's eyes had fallen upon the brandy bottle which Ennis had left and he dived for it. "Welcome, stranger! If ever I needed a drink it's now."

Hastily he poured one for himself and would have poured another for Haddon, but the latter stopped him. "All right. But I'd like to drink with, as well as to, you. Lord! Those people at the desk must think I'm crazy, or drunk. Well, I am, and it'll take a quart of cognac to sober me. Here's to the greatest pilot who ever kicked a rudder, the gamest man who ever jerked a rip cord, and the best friend—"

"I'm sorry, Georges, but—"

"Cheer up and grin, damn you! This is old home week. Casey, she said you tried to take off your chute and give it to her. That's about the finest thing—"

Haddon uttered an impatient snort. "Nothing else to do."

"Of course, but— By the way, we had a time with Jules. You certainly gave him sinus trouble. I found him and Tony early the next morning, and we had great luck getting out."

"So I gathered. We wasted a day looking for you."

CONTROL

HE ran his hands over her back and shoulders, muttering meanwhile, "What a sucker I was!"

"He needed help, and we reasoned you could get out alone perhaps more easily than—"

"Is that why you jumped over to St. Pierre and left me?"

"Now, Casey! It looks rotten, I know. But—we had to. The first thing I did at La Poile was to wire every flying field from here to New York, urging them to send ships at my expense."

"THANKS a lot. But sit down and finish your drink. You'll need it."

Larue's expression sobered. Earnestly he said, "Don't blame me, don't feel offended, until you know more about it. You can have my shirt, and I'm delirious at seeing you. Let it go at that and help me make whoopee."

"I wish I could, but we're all washed up. When I stepped off the Blue Bird I stepped off your pay roll."

"Says who? I won't permit anything of the sort. I run my own business; I hire and fire—"

"I don't like your business. I don't want any part of it."

The younger man stirred, his gaze wavered. "Very well. You don't like my business, you hate my neckties and loathe my looks and I'm generally revolting to you. I'm sorry! The fact remains that I'm strong for you. Furthermore, I owe my life to you, and so does Cadence, therefore I refuse to take offense at anything you say or do. Casey, when you were a kid didn't you make a hero out of some man? I did. I was an offensive brat and he detested me, but—"

"You'll probably take offense when I—"

"*Please!*" Larue broke in earnestly. He was actually

"WHAT is your opinion of It, Mr. Callaway? Is personal magnetism, sex appeal, the basis of true love, or is it a vile counterfeit?"

pleading. "Do me one favor: Hold everything for a while. I refuse to quarrel with you, for I can't bear to lose you either as a pilot or as a friend."

"You force me to blurt out the truth."

"Then blurt. I'll stop my ears."

"I saw a lot of Cadence— I love her."

Larue started; he frowned. In pained surprise he cried, "Oh, *Casey!* That's—absurd!"

"Absurd for me to presume?"

"No, no! Wait! I didn't mean to say that. God knows I'm no snob! I mean you're fooling; you only imagine— Why, it's impossible." His voice failed him and he closed his eyes. When he resumed speaking, his tone was gravely sympathetic. "What rotten luck! That was a rough landing and I'm dizzy for the moment."

"I prefer to be frank. You see how it changes things."

"You're a square guy. This would cut Cadence up worse than it does me. I'm awfully sorry, old man."

"You mean to tell me she said nothing?"

"My dear man, it would break her heart if she even suspected. After all you've done! Good Lord! No wonder you hate me! I have treated you abominably, Casey, and I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself." Larue's thirst had vanished; he set his glass down and rose; again he voiced his regret, his distress. It was a wretched pity! But now that Haddon was man enough to confess the truth and face it, why should it make any material difference between them? Other and better men than either of them were wild about Cadence; they'd marry her in a minute, but she had made her choice, and that was that. If she loved Casey, it would be Georges' hard luck; but she didn't. She wasn't the sort to conceal her preferences; life meant too much to her. She was honest. Yes, thank God, she was one frank and honest soul. He paused finally and met the pilot's stony gaze. Briefly their eyes held each other as he said:

"I'll be square with you, *mon frère.* I couldn't give her up. Ask anything else—"

"HELL! I'm not asking anything of you!" Casey cried harshly.

"And I'm furious too," Georges confessed. "At myself, at this accursed situation. Whatever I do I'm an ingrate."

"Good-by!"

"Not—good-by?"

"Just that."

Larue took his hand and pressed it. "This spoils everything," he declared ruefully. "It takes all the kick out of me. I'll—leave your check at the desk." His

head was down when the door closed behind him.

For a moment or two Haddon stared unseeingly; then his lips parted, he uttered an unpleasant laugh. What a boob he had made of himself! No wonder Cadence had squirmed when he mentioned marriage, an understanding — "ample time"; "We mustn't tell"; "Love or contact?" The little tart! Hungry for thrills, eh? Out on a necking party! She had "lost a wing" and was tumbling. He had actually believed her! Well, that was too good; it called for a drink—a drink to the world's champion simpleton, the man from Marblehead. With a shaking hand he poured a glass for himself, but instead of gulping it he stood scowling for a moment. Suddenly he uttered a curse and hurled the glass violently across the room, shattering it against the wall, then he tore his door open and strode down the hall.

The parlor door of Cadence's suite flew open when he tried it and he was inside before she had time to voice a startled protest:

"*Casey!* Why on earth didn't you knock? I'm — half undressed." With the words she snatched a thin crimson kimono and drew it around her shoulders.

"That's good. I'm in luck," he said thickly. "Any reason why any man shouldn't walk into your room without knocking?"

His tone, his expression, rather than his words, caused her eyes to dilate. When he came toward her with an ominous tread, she recoiled and cried, "*Casey!* How dare you?" She tried to avoid him and would have darted into her bedroom but he seized and held her. "What ails you? Have you gone mad or—are you drunk?" she demanded.

"I'M not drunk—yet," he said roughly. "How about a little kiss?" He drew her close with an effortless display of strength, he buried his face in the milk-white curve where her neck and shoulder met. It was a kiss the like of which she had never felt; his savagery frightened her and she struggled.

"Let me—go!" she gasped in a throaty voice. "*Casey!* The door—Somebody will hear you. My God! What has—come over you?"

"The door be damned! Hang up this red wrapper and they'll know you're busy." He tore the garment off her and flung it away; he ran his hands over the naked flesh of her back and shoulders, muttering meanwhile, "What a sucker I was! Want to be loved, do you? Well, I'll give you a thrill."

The girl strained against his arms in mingled astonishment and terror, she pounded at him, she writhed to escape, but it was useless. Weakly she repeated the words she had spoken over and over while he devoured her. "You—*mustn't!*" In distraction she finally appealed to him, "Casey, dear! Have you no respect for me?"

"*Respect?*" He released her, pushed her away so forcefully that she staggered. There was bitter loathing, a quivering passion, in his voice when he growled, "I've got more respect for a common prostitute."

Cadence uttered a cry and fell back against the wall as if he had struck her; her face grew ashen.

"You mean—Georges. Oh, Casey, trust me!"

"What a slanthead I was! Respect? *Trust?* Am I laughing!" He flung back his head and uttered a terrifying sound.

"Get—out of here!" the girl whispered.

"All right!" He ran his eyes over the room. "There's nothing to drink and I have to be tight to enjoy a frolic. I'd rather neck a bottle any time. To hell with you!"

When he had gone Cadence crept to the telephone and called Georges Larue's room. She was deathly pale. Her lips were dry when she said:

"Georges! Take me away. I—can't stay here any longer."

II

"NEVER swat a fly. He may love another fly:
He may sit with her and sigh, the way I do with you.
Never harm a flea. He may have a fav'rite she
That he bounces on his knee, the way I do with you."

Haddon stopped singing and frowned into his glass. "You get the thought, Mr. Callaway. Love has made the singer so sentimental that he can't bear to destroy any living thing which has a soul mate. For instance:

"Never spray a nit with a great big can of Flit.
He may think some nit has It, the way I do with you!"

"Gee! I wish you remembered all the words."

"What is your opinion of It, Mr. Callaway? Is personal magnetism, sex appeal, so called, the basis of true love or is it a vile counterfeit?"

The object of this query wriggled with embarrassment. Inasmuch as he was only twelve years old, his ideas on such things were vague. "I like funny songs," said he.

"Evasion! You refuse to commit yourself." Haddon nodded. "Take my advice and never meet an issue squarely. It doesn't pay."

"Do you know any more songs?"

"Hundreds. All love songs and very comical. You'd die laughing, Mr. Callaway. Love is the greatest joke in the world. Listen to this:

"She was an angel when first we met,
An angel on earth to me.
Though still in my heart, she's out of my arms.
I guess it was meant to be.
Wedding bells are ringing for Sally,
But not for Sally and me.
Other arms are clinging to Sally
Where mine were meant to be—"

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THE reporter to all appearances was dead. Still talking, still apologizing, his assailant dragged him into the bathroom.

Again the singer broke off to inquire, "Wouldn't that convulse you?"

"It's prettier than it is funny, Mr. Haddon."

"You miss the exquisite humor. Think how Sally is laughing."

"Gee! You got everybody in the hotel laughing."

"Yes. Even the lady in Three-eighty."

"She's the prettiest lady ever was here. She gave me a dollar to carry her bag, and it wasn't—*that* big."

"I KNOW. A small bag; only large enough to hold her flying suit and a red kimono and a few—"

"Oh, no, sir! She had her flying suit on, just like when you and her—"

There came a knock and Mr. Callaway seized his empty ice pitcher, for already he had stayed too long. As the door opened he scurried out almost between the legs of Walter Ennis. "'Lo, Casey!" the latter cried. "I heard you had slipped and broken a resolution. I came to see."

"Enter and join the carnival."

"*Will* I?" The reporter surged forward. "How are you fixed for liquor?"

"Yonder is all that stands between me and arid want."

"I'll get more—"

"Thanks! I'll autograph your collar, Wally. Lucas has promised to bring me a bottle; another from you should do me until I reach the land of the free. But it's like crossing Death Valley with a leaky canteen."

"Are you leaving?"

"On the afternoon train. I'm fed up with your rock-ribbed island. It's no place for a thirsty man. Don't boast to me that 'Britons never shall be slaves.' Your independence is a mockery, your liberty is a sham. What could be more oppressive than a law limiting the holder of a Newfoundland permit to three bottles of spirits per week and no more than one bottle on any one day? It's—niggardly."

Ennis, glass in hand, collapsed loosely into a chair. "Whew! Up all night again. I'm a rag. I'm expecting a phone call and I asked the girl to switch it up here. Mind?"

Casey continued his line of thought. "A law like that encourages hoarding. Your colonial emblem should be a medicine dropper. Could I wheedle the parsimonious

clerk in that government store out of more than one bottle? No. He was ironclad. An incorruptible lump. Glacier water slowly circulated through his veins. It was the Law! That settled it. He had no imagination, no daring, no initiative. Exposure to the rigors of an abominable climate has sapped the manhood of you Newfoundlanders. Or it may be the codfish diet. It has quenched the spark of rebellion and you are torpid. You are steeped in honesty and you parade your offensive virtues. Virtue, Wally, loses all its charm when it goes unclad; it becomes as ridiculous as a naked woman."

"Say! Why didn't you shove off with the Larue expedition?"

"Georges and I divorced each other. Three bottles a week! Come with me, Wally, to the Fusel Oil Frontier and Freedom. To Boston, 'Out Where the Wets Begin.' You have a few laws and you bend your necks to them; we have many and we ignore

all of them. Can you sing tenor?"

"Is that divorce absolute?"

Casey nodded. "I don't like Larue's clothes; he differs with my political views."

"Your views on prohibition or—the tariff?" Ennis inquired pointedly.

"I DIDN'T start drinking until after the decree was entered. He sailed for home this morning! I'm taking the afternoon train."

"He *sailed?*"

"With Miss Drew. She gave the bell boy a dollar for carrying a bag not—*that* big.

"My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies—"

"She certainly does. Glibly and with exquisite charm. You're damn' well out of a dirty mess," Ennis declared. "I've been worried about you. That story of mine is about written, and—I was afraid you were going to be in it. That would have meant your finish as a flyer."

Haddon had been drinking steadily ever since the previous afternoon, but liquor had not intoxicated him; it had merely altered his physical chemistry and quieted his mental turmoil; aside from an unusual loquacity he showed no signs of actual drunkenness.

"I love stories," said he. "Especially fairy stories. Tell me about the wicked smugglers."

"ALL right. I can tell you now. But I've an idea you know nearly as much as I do." The speaker poked at the ice in his glass with a pudgy finger. "Fairy story, eh? Well, once upon a time there was a bright newspaper reporter—a very brilliant and observant young reporter—who discovered that a lot of French lace was coming into the port of St. Pierre—much more lace than the girls over there could possibly use on their nighties. You see, he knew all about girls and nighties, being so observant. It was passed on to the Maritime Provinces, and some of it went up the St. Lawrence to Quebec and from there it somehow got over the line into the United States, where virtue doesn't go naked, either by day or by night."

"But, grandma, girls don't wear lace on their nighties, because they wear pyjamas."

"In one way or another it found its way over the border, and this intelligent reporter had reason to suspect that most of it went by air. He came to that conclusion because there was a certain smart importer in New York who had several airplanes in which he made frequent trips here and there on business and pleasure. Oh, he had just loads of fun flying around like a bird! And what was easier than to get a lot of lace mixed up with his collars and cuffs? Times were hard but he made oodles of money, for kind women gave him ever so many nickels and dimes for the lovely lace he brought back from his trips. You see, Horace, he could sell it to the ladies cheaper than they could buy it in the stores because the stores paid a ninety-per-cent duty, whereas all it cost him was the gas. Do you understand what a duty is? It's what England expects every man to do and America forces every woman to pay."

"It's what the path of leads to glory," said Haddon. "Tell me more about the ladies. I love pretty ladies."

"Naughty! You've been talking to the neighbors' children!" Solemnly Ennis wagged a fat finger. "This importer became greedy, and he decided to do more and better business, so— Never be a pig, Horace, or some horrid newspaper reporter will write you up. Are you growing sleepy, my little man?"

"Not very. Are you?"

"This bad man built himself a great, great, great big airplane, and in it he put some enormous gas tanks which would hold just hundreds and

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hundreds and hundreds of yards of lace, provided it was packed tightly into tin cases of a certain size. And he arranged with some gentlemen in France to put the lace into tin boxes and bring it over to Newfoundland where there aren't many policemen and only one good newspaper man. They landed it one night and took it up to the field at Harbor Grace, expecting to load it right into the flying machine which was to meet them there. Unfortunately, however, the great big ship fell down and went boom on the way, and they had to take the lace to St. Pierre."

"How do you know all this happened?"

"Because grandma was there, Horace, and one of the naughty gentlemen put a hickey on her skull that you could hang your hat on."

There was a pause which Casey broke by saying:

"It's a lousy story. There's no pretty lady in it."

"Oh, yes, there is! She played store in New York and sold the smuggled lace for her wicked sweetheart, and she was so very pretty that nobody suspected her except the nasty newspaper man. When his piece came out, her picture was in all the papers, and she went to live for ever so many years in a great big stone house."

"What the hell?" Haddon cried.

"Her lover drew a hundred years in another big house and paid a billion dollars in fines to his ever-loving Uncle Sam. The nasty newspaper reporter got a swell job in New York."

The two men eyed each other silently; then Casey said, "So that's how stories are written. Out of a highball glass. Too bad for you it didn't happen that way."

"It did. Anyhow, it will."

"*She* had nothing to do with it!"

"Don't be a sucker all your life."

"Where's your proof? The Blue Bird is gone, and the lace too. It's a pretty story, but you haven't got a thing on Larue, much less on her."

The telephone bell rang with startling suddenness and Ennis snatched the instrument. "Hello! Ennis speaking. . . . Yes. Put him on. . . . That you, Tom? I've been waiting— . . . Are you sure? . . . Thanks a lot. That's all I want to know. G'by!"

WALLY'S face was flushed, there was triumph in his eye, when he hung up. "I can finish the story now, Casey. Georges Larue bought the City of Winnipeg three days ago, by cable. Yesterday afternoon he laid the purchase price on the barrel—twenty-three thousand five hundred. A bargain. Last night a French schooner, the Heloise, Captain Tremblay in command, discharged a cargo at Carbonear. I was there and saw it. Ten minutes ago the City of Winnipeg took off from Harbor Grace with the biggest shipment of smuggled lace that ever crossed the Atlantic. She's bound nonstop for Roosevelt Field and I'm bound nonstop for the telegraph office. The authorities are waiting; everything is set. Now how do you like my fairy stories?"

Haddon clutched the excited reporter at the door. "Let me get this straight. Who's aboard? Who's flying the Winnipeg?"

"Georges Larue, with his clever little sweetheart as co-pilot. The Flying Venus! Queen of the Air! The Devereaux brothers are—"

"Idiot! She and Georges sailed for New York—"

"Sure! Ten minutes ago, from Harbor Grace. I passed 'em on the road coming in. Oh, *boy! What* a story! And have I got 'em nailed to the cross!" Ennis chortled, he capered. His hand was on the knob when Casey said, "You've forgotten something." Ennis halted, turned his head, exposing his round, cleft chin, and Haddon's fist met it solidly. "*Me!* You forgot—me."

He caught the reporter in his arms as the latter's knees buckled under him. "Dirty shame to chip you, Wally, but love is a master passion, and to lose it is the 'pain supreme.' Ain't I the roughest poet that you ever knew?"

Ennis did not answer for the very good reason that he did not hear the question. Casey's fist was as heavy as an anvil, his arm was powerful. The reporter to all appearances was dead. Still talking, still apologizing, his assailant dragged him into the bathroom, tied him hand and foot, and gagged him with a towel.

"That's as mean a trick as I ever played on man or beast, and you must put it down to the liquor. Drunk and disorderly, Wally. I apologize from the bottom of my tender heart. I'm crimson with shame, honest I am, but—she's a good kid, and I'd sock my own brother if he said what you did. That crack about the stone house did it, Wally. And just think of the money you'll save if you send that message night rate. Give the girl a break." The bathroom floor was cold, so Casey took a blanket and pillow from his bed; the one he folded and spread under his unconscious caller, the other he placed beneath his head. "I bet I've made a fool of myself," he rambled on out loud, "and it's two to one your revenue friends will make their pinch anyhow. But you know how it is with a man in my condition. Act first and think later—"

HE paused at the sound of a knock on his door and called, "Who's there?"

"Lucas! I've got your bowl of junket."

Casey closed the bathroom door behind him and admitted the young pilot who placed in his hands a bottle wrapped in brown paper. "Sorry I couldn't run it up to a couple, but— What ails you?"

Haddon's mind had been working swiftly during the last few minutes. Not once but many times in an alcoholic exaltation similar to this he had hurled himself headlong out of the sky and into mortal combat. Now, as then, his eyes were clear and his aim was steady. Roosevelt Field. Revenuers! Poor Cadence! It was all fun with her. Larue was to blame. And that little old lady with the doll's face! How much had Ennis tipped off? Too much, probably, to permit the Winnipeg to land and discharge its cargo, hence it would be useless to ride herd on the fellow, after all. The ship must be stopped.

These thoughts raced through his mind, and they sickened him with apprehension. Sharply he cried, "Lucas! Can you fly me to Sydney?"

"I *could*—"

"The Winnipeg took off about fifteen minutes ago for New York. I must overtake her."

"Pretty drunk, aren't you?"

"No. Miss Drew is aboard. Against her will—"

"You're raving!"

"I was never more in earnest. Larue will be arrested when he lands and she'll be involved. They mustn't cross the border." Haddon snatched a slip of paper from his pocket. "Here's a check for five thousand dollars. Georges left it for me at the desk. I'll indorse it to you. Five grand for three hours' work! Easy picking!"

"Take money from a buddy? Not a nickel."

"Thanks, old man."

"I'm not so dumb. I understand about you and her. But step on it. I've got to gas up."

"Beat it and call a car. See you in a minute." Casey thrust the younger man out, he turned and swept his scanty belongings into a hand bag. This done, he flung himself down before the desk, feverishly scribbled a note:

DEAR WALLY:

Never speak ill of a woman. I'm awfully sorry my hand slipped. Take a punch at me next time. Here's a poultice for your jaw which hurts me more than it does you.

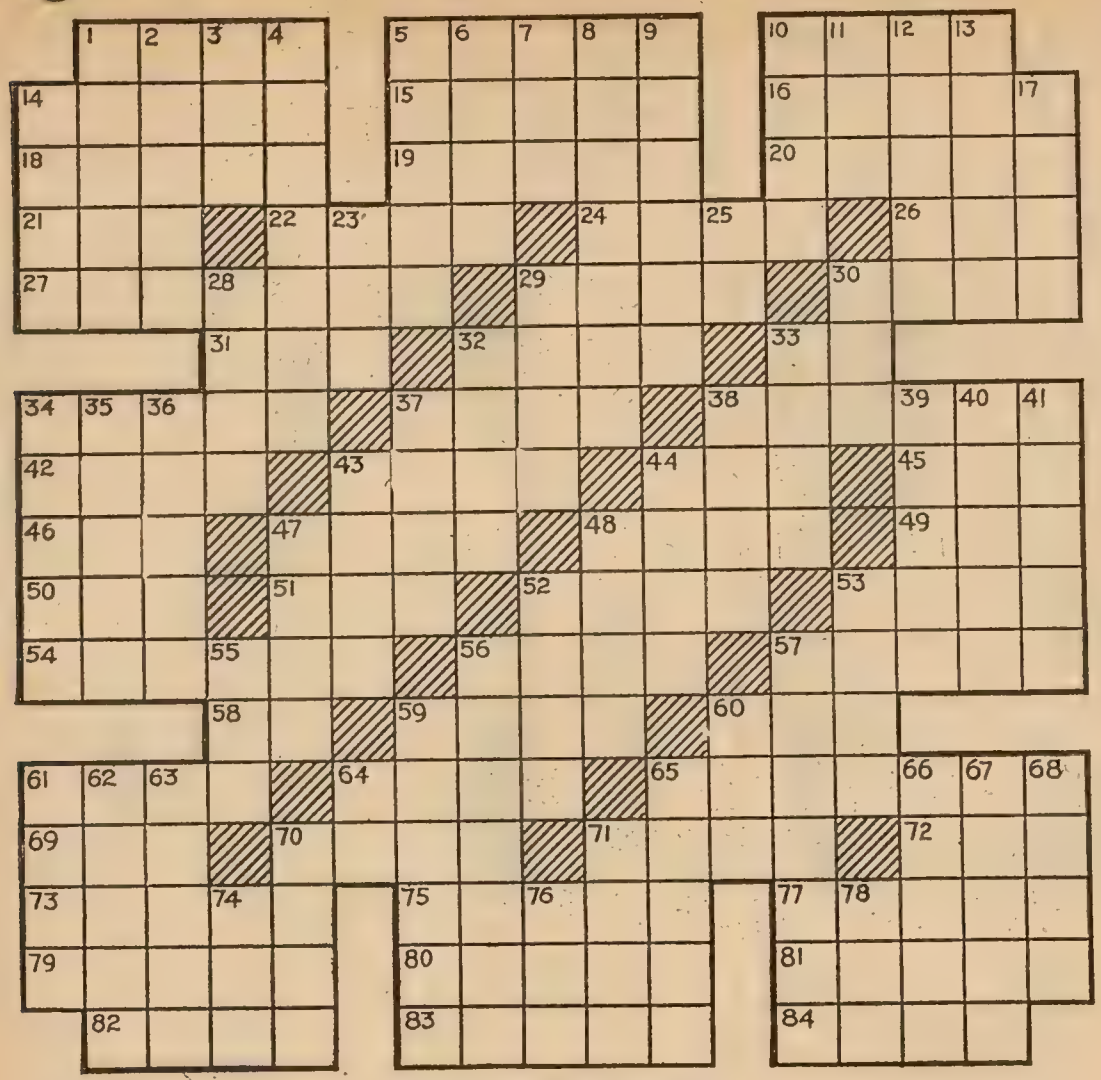
CASEY.

On the back of Larue's check he wrote "Pay to Walter Ennis," and below that he affixed his signature. Letter and check he tucked inside the prostrate reporter's vest, then dashed out, slamming the doors behind him.

Can Lucas and Casey catch up with the Winnipeg? You'll see a thrilling chase, and learn its startling outcome, in next week's installment of the story.

Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Something inferior (slang)
5 Sweeten
10 A very small distance
14 Hunt
15 Commerce
16 Rowed
18 Organ of the body
19 Makes comfortable
20 Arrange in order
21 Beverage
22 Peacock feather fiber
24 Pinches
26 Japanese measure
27 Cotton fabric
29 Venetian magistrate
30 Cages
31 Insect
32 Chief
33 Chinese weight
34 Burns
37 Baton
38 Sweet pea variety (pl.)
42 Suffer deprivation
43 Vat
44 Preposition
45 Obscure
46 A silkworm
47 Johnnycake
48 Twentieth of a grain
49 Anger
50 Augment
51 Devour
52 Single
53 Roman garment
54 Wanted
56 Frigid
57 Pander to
58 Preposition
59 A shed
60 Stray
61 Sunrise
64 Third-rate actors
65 Molasses
69 Devoured
70 Healing lotion
71 District
72 Row
73 Declare
75 Depart
77 Mountain lakes
79 Harbor
80 Commissioner
81 Make into a law
82 A tear
83 Boils
84 Vale

P	R	I	S	E		S	T	A	R		O	P	E	N
R	A	V	E	L		L	I	R	E		A	L	V	A
O	V	A	R	Y		A	N	I	L		T	E	A	K
D	E	N	■	S	A	W	■	E	I	R	■	A	D	E
		S	I	L	■	A	S	C	E	N	D	E	D	
S	T	R	E	A	M	E	R	■	S	E	A			
O	R	E	■	■	E	A	S	T	■	V	I	S	T	A
B	E	N	I	G	H	T	■	S	P	E	L	L	E	R
S	E	T	T	O	■	S	L	A	Y	■	■	A	L	T
		E	R	G	■	A	R	C	H	I	V	E	S	
I	S	O	M	E	R	I	C	■	N	O	T			
C	O	G	■	D	I	M	■	C	O	T	■	A	L	E
O	M	I	T		P	A	C	E		B	E	T	E	L
N	A	V	E		E	G	A	D		E	V	E	N	S
S	L	E	D		S	E	R	E		D	E	N	S	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Greek combining form, loving
2 Certain seaweeds
3 Custom
4 European republic
5 Cubic meter
6 A Russian river
7 Fuel
8 Like a gland
9 Relinquish
10 Pigs
11 River in Switzerland
12 Ill-tempered
13 A fortification
14 Peal of thunder
17 Caves
23 Alto
25 Hebrew letter
28 Worry
29 Damp
30 Disease of fowls
32 Hair on neck
33 Stringed instrument
34 Free from dirt
35 A crowd
36 Off the main track
37 Need
38 Shrewd
39 Imbecile
40 Funeral song
41 Daub
43 One of the genus Bufo
44 Tie
47 The thin edge of a sledge head
48 A pigmentary nævus
52 Plenty
53 Ancient seat of Irish monarchs
55 Noise
56 Observation
57 Made
59 Former president of Mexico
60 Sooner than
61 Run
62 A fragrant oil
63 Interlace
64 Exclamation
65 Playing card (plural)
66 Shade of red
67 Surgeon's instrument
68 Formerly
70 Trend
71 Declare
74 Cardinal number
76 Hail
78 A collection of facts

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

You "Wind" This Pen

YOU turn the knurled end of the barrel to fill or empty the new Conklin Nozac (no sack). There is no rubber sack in this new pen. The ink capacity is 35% greater than sack pens. Here is the greatest student's pen ever made.

And there is a transparent section in the barrel through which you can see at all times how much ink is in the pen and be reminded to refill it. Made in beautiful new colors at $5.00 and more. Pencils to match $3.50 and more. Another outstanding Pen is the Conklin Endura at $5.00 and more—the peer of the best of all pens employing the familiar rubber sack ink reservoir.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.
Toledo San Francisco

Left to Right—The Conklin Ensemble, a pen and pencil in one, $5.00. The new $4.00 Conklin Pen. A genuine Conklin at $2.75. Equip for School at a Conklin Counter.

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NOZAC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

The Movie Mystery Contest

$2,500

254 Big Cash Prizes

You Still Have Time to Enter and to Win a Handsome Cash Award

ON this page Liberty presents the seventh puzzle in the great Movie Mystery Contest series. You still have time to enter this game and to win one of the 254 worth-while awards even if you have not previously solved a single puzzle of this series. Here's how to get into the money:

First of all, solve this week's puzzle. Cut the nine strips apart and assemble them into three portraits, each one the likeness of a prominent movie actor or actress. Then test your knowledge and familiarity with the famous of filmdom by identifying each picture.

Do not send in the solution of this puzzle until you have a complete set. File your solution in a safe place. Then send for the first six puzzles of the series. They will be mailed to you without charge. Simply jot down your request on a post card and mail it to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Be sure that your full name and correct address are either printed or plainly written on your request in order to avoid delay.

Solving these first puzzles when they arrive will put you on an even basis with the rest of the field, will put you in the running for the $500 cash first prize, the $250 cash second prize, the $100 third prize, and any of the many other substantial sums that will be paid in this contest. Make your entry complete and claim your share of the money.

Names of the prize winners in the Cross Word Puzzle Contest in the July 9 issue and the Limerick Last Line Contest in the July 16 issue will be found on opposite page.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

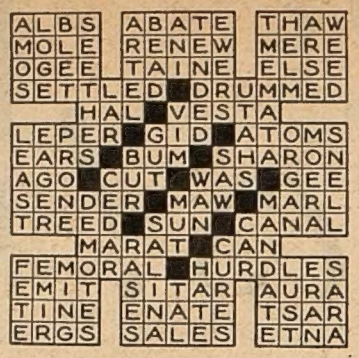
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER PUZZLE IN THIS INTERESTING $2,500 MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST SERIES

Final Cross Word Winners

July 9 Solution



$100 FIRST PRIZE

David W. Cannon,
Salt Lake City, Utah

$50 SECOND PRIZE

Everette C. McKeage,
San Francisco, Calif.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

Ellen Penney,
Oak Park, Ill.

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

M. M. Adams, Springfield, Ill.; William V. Arold, Jersey City, N. J.; Clayton S. Bruce, Boise, Idaho; Julia A. Brinkley, Suffolk, Va.; J. J. Boner, Chicago, Ill.; Ralph V. Bennett, Ilion, N. Y.; Fred J. Benson, Jr., Alameda, Calif.; Russell Boyett, Shreveport, La.; Wayne M. Cotner, Detroit, Mich.; J. M. Corbin, Chicago, Ill.; Carl R. Canterbury, East Moline, Ill.; W. H. Cooper, Petersburg, Va.; Keyon P. Comstock, Chicago, Ill.; Florence Cimmino, Lewiston, Me.; Frank J. Carney, Cambridge, Mass.; R. C. Cunningham, Charlestown, Mass.

Harry W. Ekberg, Euclid, Ohio; Frederick Eissler, Upper Darby, Pa.; E. B. Estes, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. May Francis, Gallipolis, Ohio; Mrs. Belle Foy, Eufaula, Ala.; R. M. George, Vincennes, Ind.; Hollis Goddard, Pasadena, Calif.; David Gray, Willow Brook, Calif.; Earl B. Griffin, San Jose, Calif.; Mrs. R. V. Haslett, Visalia, Calif.; Mrs. R. P. Heeter, Minneapolis, Minn.; P. L. Harvey, Vinton, Va.; Osborne T. Hotchkiss, Lancaster, Pa.; Hendy Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.; Forrest Hill, Chicago, Ill.

R. G. Hosea, Albuquerque, N. M.; Gilbert King, Coronado, Calif.; Ernest R. Lowe, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Jessie F. Miller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. J. Claude Martin, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ed. A. Meola, Corvallis, Ore.; A. U. Marsh, Vaucouver, B. C.; A. McKinnon, Los Angeles, Calif.; A. A. Norton, Toronto, Ont.; Henry Nolan, Stamford, Conn.; Mary R. O'Bryan, Columbus, Ind.; Marie Watson Pifer, Sullivan, Ill.; Mrs. Robert D. Pettingill, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Julia Pelletier, St. Louis, Mo.; Linda Peterson, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Albert J. Picha, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.; Florence Pedigo, Vinton, Va.; Mrs. Jessie Pratt, Reedsburg, Wis.; Wilbur R. Repine, South Bend, Ind.; L. E. Ridgway, Jr., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Paul O. Sonne, Cranston, R. I.; Laura Shrum, Pottstown, Pa.; C. A. Souther, Detroit, Mich.; M. B. Sommer, St. Joseph, Mo.; Gordon S. Smyth, Philadelphia, Pa; Frank D. Smith, Bronx, N. Y.; Joseph F. Smith, Racine, Wis.; Lisbeth Ann Stage, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Mary J. Tenney, Rockland, Mass.; Althea Thurston, Los Angeles, Calif.; Charles J. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; William E. Trubee, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Winfield, Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter A. Wyss, New Philadelphia, Ohio.

July 16 Limerick Winners

$100 FIRST PRIZE

H. Jay Wallace, Atlanta, Ga.

Hurray for all mothers-in-law!
The source on which humorists draw
For much of their fun—
But we know at least one
That's not a bad egg, but she's raw.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

Mary M. Beck,
Oregon, Ill.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

Mrs. Anna F. Biele,
Beachwood, Ohio

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

D. W. Anthony, Marysville, Ohio; N. O. Bergh, Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. F. Buchanan, White Plains, N. Y.; George Butler, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Lester Barnhart, South River, N. J.; Kathryn F. Bell, Elkins Park, Pa.; M. Elizabeth Berry, Greenville, Miss.; Hazel Christoffersen, Huron, S. D.; Bertha Comberger, Chicago, Ill.; James Cunningham, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Glenn Cornwell, Ardmore, Okla.; Mrs. Helen C. Curtis, New York, N. Y.; W. A. Dewees, Jr., Schroon Lake, N. Y.; W. Herbert Drenning, Baltimore, Md.; J. Bennett Downie, Minneapolis, Minn.; Marion M. Egan, New Britain, Conn.

E. F. Finnerty, Parker, S. D.; Arthur G. Fisher, Philadelphia, Pa.; K. Philip Frederick, Long Beach, Calif.; Jerald Griffin, Easthampton, Mass.; M. P. Greene, San Francisco, Calif.; G. Jean Glaser, Canton, Ohio; Louis B. Gardner, Groton, Conn.; Nelson G. Holloway, Detroit, Mich.; Bessie Hinman, Rockville Center, N. Y.; Edwin Hodgson, Hamilton, Ont.; William R. Hendy, Medford, Mass.; I. Katherine Hockridge, Washington, D. C.; J. C. Harris, Los Angeles, Calif.; W. W. Harris, Wewahitchka, Fla.; Warren D. House, Kansas City, Mo.; Thad E. Horton, Columbia, S. C.

R. C. Ingersoll, Oelwein, Iowa; Ethel Jemmison, Portsmouth, Va.; Rose Krulish, Austin, Minn.; Mrs. Harry Lurton, Pensacola, Fla.; Marie Orr, Napa, Calif.; Kate H. Pier, Binghamton, N. Y.; James McGuigan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Norris W. Matthews, Baltimore, Md.; Harry R. Pittler, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. H. E. Moore, Aurora, Ill.; Forrest C. Meredith, Collingswood, N. J.; Maxwell B. Murray, Toronto, Ont.; Charles B. Mullen, Fort Madison, Ia.; E. J. McCubrey, Minneapolis, Minn.; Esther M. Mazer, Cleveland, Ohio.

Beatrice Morris, Torrington, Conn.; Mrs. N. E. Snow, Wilmington, Del.; John B. Swinden, Deroche, B. C.; Clarendon W. Smith, Bedford, Mass.; E. G. Sesonske, Watertown, N. Y.; Edward Samson, New York, N. Y.; W. H. Shands, Clinton, S. C.; M. H. Schontz, Palmyra, N. J.; Mary T. Stirewalt, Indianapolis, Ind.; Walter Scott Stanton, Wheeling, W. Va.; William Tait, East St. Louis, Ill.; Margaret Trethewey, Bisbee, Ariz.; Burruss Weist, Taft, Calif.; Elizabeth Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. B. C. West, Kinston, N. C.; Mrs. Alice G. Wearston, Brookline, Mass.; Isabelle G. Ziegler, Columbus, Ohio; Katherine McClurg, Bloomfield, N. J.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

Squibb Aspirin is so well-compressed that it does not crumble in the box or bottle. Each tablet reaches you as round and firm and scientifically compounded as when it left the Squibb laboratories. This is your assurance that, when you take a Squibb Aspirin tablet, you are actually getting the dosage indicated on the container.

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

PURE
EFFECTIVE
SAFE

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—It is claimed that they absorb water through their skin.

2—Hot Springs, Arkansas.

3—The second Monday in January following the national election.

4—John Hay.

5—The branch of military science treating of moving or supplying armies and conducting campaigns.

6—Ramadan.

7—Wood pulp.

8—One that sheds its leaves annually.

9—Rust.

10—Benjamin Franklin.

11—In 79 A. D.

12—The albatross.

13—Tunis, in North Africa.

14—Australia.

15—Cantigny.

16—Eight.

17—Graphite.

18—In 1898.

19—From the French *couvre feu*, meaning to cover fire.

20—The nightingale.

To the Ladies!

By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

ONE thousand women set the styles of the world. The clothes they buy determine what the rest of us shall wear. These fashion leaders, about a thousand in number, are women of high society in Europe and America. They are the select customers to whom Paris shows its first new models.

The ones they like well enough to buy become *the* styles of the year. The ones they don't like are out. And they — the all-powerful thousand—have just ruled, "Down with the waistline."

Raymond Barbas

I get this important news from Raymond Barbas, brother-in-law and business associate of Jean Patou. Jean Patou is the Paris clothes-master who brought back long skirts three years ago.

He is likewise the man who is now bringing back the low waistline.

"For two good reasons," said M. Barbas. "In the first place, there are so many details on the upper part of your dresses nowadays—so many capes, collars, elaborate sleeve trimmings, etc.—that a high waistline makes the dress topheavy. The very long plain skirt is out of balance. A lower waistline is imperative to balance the design.

"And the lower waistline suits a much wider range of figures. Women who aren't as slim as they might be cannot wear high-waisted garments to advantage."

Our clothes for this winter, said M. Barbas, will show a medieval touch both in cut and in color. A warm brown, called medieval brown, will be one of the favorite shades, especially when combined with light rose. Accessories will be somewhat plainer: leather bags for informal wear will be more severe; bags for afternoon and evening will match your dress material, be made of the same silk, same lace, same velvet.

Hats also will take a medieval turn. Everything medieval!

"How," I asked, "about those cute little page boys the women used to have in medieval times? Do we get them back?"

THE kids of America come in for plenty of criticism. Foreigners—and some Americans—often tell me the children of this country are terrible; that they are impossibly fresh, flip, vulgar, selfish, noisy.

Well, I have discovered dozens of surprising American children. I found them this summer at the seashore place where I spent my vacation. Dozens of babies, near babies, kids of seven and eight; dozens of coltlike youngsters from fourteen to sixteen.

Were they flip, selfish, noisy? No noisier than healthy children should be, and they certainly were not disagreeable, vulgar, or precocious in any way.

Independent, yes. Independent with the good, straight fearlessness of decent human beings. The babies of four, five, and six who came to make my acquaintance on the beach were the most sensible, the most naturally dignified children I ever have met.

And none of them were pretty-mannered little dolls, as the *nice* children of Europe so often are.

One evening I gave a lecture on Russia. Through it all sat a husky young man of thirteen. Afterward he asked me questions—extremely intelligent ones. True, he broke off finally, saying, "An'—wait a minute—guess I've gotten mixed up." But his interest was genuine, broad and clear-sighted. Surely there cannot be anything vitally wrong with a nation capable of producing young people like these. I was very glad to meet them all.

A LADY from Alsace-Lorraine has just given me her recipe for this banana dessert. If you make it for company, make a lot of it.

My guests took two helpings all around.

In a double boiler make a thin custard, using 2 cups milk and the yolks of 2 eggs. Add 4 tablespoons granulated sugar. Pour the hot custard over 2 level tablespoons gelatin which has been previously soaked in 4 tablespoons cold water.

When this mixture begins to jell stir in 1½ cups banana pulp (use ripe bananas and put them through a coarse sieve). Now stir in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and 2 teaspoons rum flavoring. Better still if you have *real* rum. If you're that lucky, use 1½ tablespoons of it.

Pour the dessert in a border mold. Keep in ice box not less than 4 hours. Before serving sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts and decorate with rum-flavored whipped cream.

CONVERSATION with a lady I met on a train: "Do you play bridge?" said she. "Don't admit it if you don't want to. I never do when I'm traveling. I tell people I don't know how to play. I *won't* be a bridge hermit—if you know what I mean. Last year I took one of those cruises to Panama. I went with a party. They played bridge every minute. They didn't even go out to look at the canal.

"Bridge hermits—that's what I call them! I think they're perfectly idiotic. Why on earth do they travel at all? They're just like baggage. They get the labels stuck on them, but they don't see a thing."

An amusing lady. I hope I meet her again sometime.

IN the guest room of a house I visited recently I found the prettiest bedspread I have seen. It was homemade, too. Made of yellow taffeta over which were scattered wild-flower bouquets cut from chintz. A two-inch border of dark blue. It was charming.

THICKER than Water, by Vera Caspary—a fine, readable story of Jewish home life in America. Here's a book you can get your teeth into. I enjoyed it thoroughly. (Published by Liveright.)

At Fountains . . . At Home

Coca-Cola
WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN
WHAT TO DO, AND HOW
by IDA BAILEY ALLEN
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And its appetizing taste makes it a natural partner of good things to eat. Thus ice-cold Coca-Cola brings sociability to the fountain and hospitality to the home . . . As a further contribution to home hospitality, Coca-Cola offers a wonderful new book by a famous author. It tells you how to entertain in the smart, inexpensive, modern way. You'll be delighted if you send for a copy.

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Buy Coca-Cola in bottles at food dealers to serve at home

DO YOU INHALE?

A frank discussion at last

on a subject that has long been "taboo"

"LET sleeping dogs lie!" So said the cigarette trade when first we raised the subject of inhaling. But dodging an important issue is not Lucky Strike's policy!

Do you inhale? That question is vitally important... for *every smoker* inhales—knowingly or unknowingly. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette! And the delicate membranes of your throat demand that your smoke be pure, clean—free of certain impurities!

No wonder Lucky Strike dares to raise this vital question! For Luckies bring you the protection you want ... **because** Luckies' famous purifying process removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

So, whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly, safeguard those delicate membranes!

"It's toasted"

Your Protection - against irritation - against cough

Copr., 1932, The A. T. Co.

O. K. AMERICA

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.